MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER

JANUARY 28TH 1880.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER,

(A SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN),

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FORTY-SIXTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION,

JANUARY 28, 1880.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1880.

JOINT RESOLUTION to print the eulogies delivered in the two houses of Congress upon the late Zachariah Chandler.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That twelve thousand copies of the eulogies delivered in the two houses of Congress upon the late ZACHARIAH CHANDLER be printed, eight thousand for the use of the House of Representatives and four thousand for the use of the Senate, and the Secretary of the Treasury have printed the portrait of Mr. CHANDLER to accompany the same, and for the purpose of defraying the expense of procuring the said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars be, and is hereby, appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, February 17, 1880.

ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

DEATH OF ZACHARIAH CHANDLER,

A SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1879.

Rev. J. J. BULLOCK, Chaplain of the Senate, offered the following

PRAYER:

Almighty and most merciful God, our Heavenly Father, we adore Thee as the only true and living God, the creator, the preserver, and the supreme ruler of the universe. We thank Thee, O God, for all thy providential blessings to us. They are more in number than the stars of heaven and the sands of the sea-shore. Especially do we thank Thee for Thy kind preservation of us since last we met together in this Chamber, and that we are permitted to enter upon the duties and responsibilities of another session of this venerable body, under circumstances of great mercy, in the enjoyment of reason, and of health and every needed blessing.

It hath seemed good unto Thee, O God, in Thine inscrutable providence, to remove by the hand of death from this body one of its members. We pray that Thou wouldst bless his afflicted family. Sustain them in their sore bereavement and

comfort them with the consolations of our most holy religion. And may we be deeply impressed, by this solemn event, of our own mortality, of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and of the importance of being prepared for our departure; for we know neither the day nor the hour when we shall be called hence.

And, O God, we invoke Thy blessing to rest upon another member of this body, whom Thou hast sorely stricken, in removing by death from his companionship the partner of his joys and his sorrows. We invoke Thy blessing to rest upon him in his sore affliction. And if there be any other member upon whom Thou hast laid Thy afflicting hand, we pray that Thou wouldst remember them in great mercy and sanctify their afflictions to them.

We commit ourselves and all that are dear to us to Thy guidance and protection. We implore Thy grace, and the forgiveness of all our sins. We pray for our rulers, for the President and Vice-President, the Senators and Representatives in Congress, and for all others in authority. Guide their counsels and lead them to the adoption of such measures as shall redound to Thy glory and to the best interests of our common country. Be Thou their guide and support through all the trials and changes of life; be with them in the solemn hour of death; and finally receive us all into Thine everlasting kingdom, through the riches of grace in Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

Mr. FERRY. Mr. President, the sorrowful duty devolves on me of announcing to the Senate of the United States the recent and sudden death of my late colleague, ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, of Michigan, which occurred in the city of Chicago, on the 1st day of November just passed.

In making this announcement, it is not my purpose now to speak of the character and services of one so long and so notably a member of this body; but at some suitable time I will invite the Senate to express, by resolution and by eulogy, its sense of the irreparable loss the nation sustains in the death of so distinguished a citizen.

Mr. President, as a mark of respect for the memory of a Senator present at our last adjournment but absent now forevermore, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at three o'clock and ten minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF ZACHARIAH CHANDLER,

A SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN.

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1880.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. By the unanimous order of the Senate this day has been set apart for the delivery of eulogies in commemoration of the death of the late Senator from Michigan, ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

Mr. FERRY. Mr. President, the time having arrived for the delivery of eulogies upon my late colleague, the announcement in the Senate of his death having already been made, I now offer the following resolutions and move their adoption:

Resolved, That the Senate receive with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Michigan, and for nearly nineteen years a member of this body.

Resolved, That to express some estimate held of his eminent services in a long public career rendered conspicuous by fearless patriotic devotion, the business of the Senate be now suspended, that the associates of the departed Senator may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is, will the Senate agree to the resolutions?

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. FERRY. I send other resolutions to the desk and ask that they be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the loss the country sustained in the death of Mr. CHANDLER was manifest by expressions of public sorrow throughout the land.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for the memory of the dead Senator the members of the Senate will wear crape upon the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is upon agreeing to the resolutions just reported.

Address of Mr. FERRY, of Michigan.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The observance of the Senate this day is in memory of no common man. The sterling qualities of his manhood none ever dare assail. He wore his faults upon his sleeve. Charges of his defamers were frivolous and discreditable to themselves; for of all the great men who have lived and died in this generation, there was no keener seer, no shrewder organizer, no franker partisan, no truer patriot than ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

The Chandlers of Bedford, New Hampshire, were well-to-do farmers of the Puritan Mayflower stock. There, in 1813, he was born, and there he passed his childhood, receiving what was then thought a good primary education. As the boy grew up his father gave him his choice, a college training or a thousand dollars to stock a business life. He chose the latter, and, with the spirit of adventure which has always marked the New England race, he made for western wilds.

Michigan at that time was a trackless wilderness, whose solitude lay unbroken save by the roar of surrounding waters.

Detroit then was a town on the border, with a population of some five thousand souls. There he stuck his stake and began his mercantile career. His main object in those days was to win commercial success. This he achieved by his self-denial, energy, fidelity, sagacity, and integrity. No man worked harder, lived more frugally, or upheld a higher standard of business morality. Many a night he slept on the floor or counter of his store, and many other nights, through the forest roadway, under the light of the stars, he traversed the peninsula from point to point, doing business by day and pushing his way by night. For several years he thus had been toiling, when the great financial crash of 1837 overtook him. Smaller country merchants could not meet their paper. CHANDLER'S store in Detroit felt the wave of disaster, and, gathering up all available effects, he pushed for New York and laid before his creditors the exact situation, proposing to make to them an assignment of all he had. Their answer was equally creditable to him and to them: "CHANDLER, you are too good a man to be lost for want of confidence; go back and go on with your business, and if you want more goods send on your orders." The result showed they had not misjudged. In a couple of years he had weathered the storm, and paid every debt, dollar for dollar; and from that hour his fortune was assured.

Meanwhile he became most thoroughly identified with his city and State. Generally known as a thorough business man, his acquaintance with the business men of Michigan was better than any one of his associate pioneers. His public spirit led him into all relations with his fellow-citizens which promised to promote the welfare of his adopted home. Then, in his earlier vigor, he took part in the various organizations of the young men of Detroit, and first became known as a speaker in

the debating society of the city, attracting special attention by a public lecture on the "Elements of Success." At that time the whigs and democrats were the contending political parties, and Michigan was controlled by the then powerful democratic party, under the distinguished leadership of General Lewis Cass, himself a worthy, honored, and influential resident of Detroit. CHANDLER, as became his New England origin, sided with the whigs. His first decidedly political speech was made in 1848, at Detroit, one evening, upon a box at a corner of the street, in favor of the presidential candidacy of General Zachary Taylor. He began that speech by saying in a sprightly way that one of the reasons he had for supporting his candidate was that his name was "Old Zach," a name he honored, for his name too was "Zach," scarcely dreaming as he said it that thirty years afterward, from the platform of a crowded hall in a great city west of Detroit, on the eve of his death, he himself, as "Old Zach," would be greeted by admiring thousands of his fellow-citizens, assembled to hear the last and ablest speech of his life.

From the election of General Taylor to the Presidency, CHANDLER took a more active part in the local politics of Michigan. In 1851 he was chosen mayor of Detroit, against the powerful influence of his political opponents, through his personal popularity. The next year he was nominated by the whigs for governor of the State, but the time for party change had not then come, and he sustained defeat. Undaunted he bore the taunts of democratic leaders in those days, who contemptuously smiled upon his political aspirations and jeered him with the hint that a mere merchant and business man should never aim so high!!

Controversy in national politics gradually ripened a new order of things. The issues forced upon the people by the

repeal of the Missouri compromise and the consequent scenes in Kansas gave birth to a new party, whose history should surpass all others since the foundation of the Government. CHANDLER was one of the fathers and founders of that republican party, and, notwithstanding his pretensions were so derided by his political adversaries, he displaced the honored democratic champion, General Cass, by taking his seat in the Senate of the United States on the 4th of March, 1857.

In a single week after his election to this high place he had retired from an active and large mercantile business, with all its affairs definitely arranged, that private matters should not divert him from his more responsible duties to the people of State and country. When this change of pursuit occurred he was in business capacity the peer of Astors, Stewarts, and Vanderbilts. The secret of success he had found. His wealth, already assured, was so disposed that before his death he was accounted with the country's millionaires. The energy and zeal which had wrought out so large a fortune was now directed to questions of public interest which for years he had seen arising, and had been preparing himself to meet, with a faith as clear as his courage was invincible. Elected to this body, he continued a Senator for three consecutive terms, ending March 4, 1875. At the choice for the fourth term he was defeated, when the qualities of the man shone forth as never before. Silent and serene he bided his time. He well knew that the body of the State was with him, and that he had been abandoned by a handful of men who in an hour of fatality were incapable of measuring either him or themselves. Knowing it was unjust, he felt sure that his own State, for which he had labored for years, would on the first occasion right the blundering wrong. She was early to discover and prompt to correct her mistake. Happily, too, that she rejected the example

of the Greeks, who persecuted their sages and heroes to death, then afterward repented in monuments and tears. The interval of loss to the State was gain to the nation. The lapse proved auspicious. It was needed to furnish opportunity for his commanding business capacity and Spartan virtue to display on another field. Retiring from the Senate did not long end his public service. The Department of the Interior, one of the most important and complicated branches of the Government, was suffering under the cloud of evil repute. He was invited by President Grant to assume its charge, and, in October, 1875, took the office. Those who knew him well at once predicted that he would clear that Department of long-prevailing scandals, and manage its affairs vigorously, wisely, honestly, and for the best interests of the country. How well he met this expectation the record of his official relation to it will best answer. Upon the inauguration of President Hayes, CHANDLER was superseded and returned to his home in Detroit, ending apparently his official life. For himself he could well then, and honorably, withdraw from all active participation in the political struggles of the day; but the public felt a loss which he alone could repair. On the resignation of Senator Christiancy, by whom he was defeated, he was replaced in the Senate by an overwhelming voice of the Legislature of his State, and at once resumed his seat here, which he held to the close of the late extraordinary session.

To justly take the measure of this man we must recall the times and associates of his labors. CHANDLER first came to his senatorial seat at the called session of March, 1857. He stood up in this Chamber and took the oath of office with HAMLIN, of Maine; Bayard, of Delaware; Bright, of Indiana; Broderick, of California; Sumner, of Massachusetts; Preston King, of New York; Rusk, of Texas; Cameron, of Pennsyl-

vania; Dixon, of Connecticut; Wade, of Ohio; Doolittle, of Wisconsin; Mallory, of Florida; and Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi. That oath was administered by Mason, of Virginia, and faithlessly as some came to regard it, CHANDLER meant every word of it, officially lived it, in his last public words in the presence of assembled thousands glowed with it, and died with the supreme joy of having through all tests of ambition, fortune, and peril obeyed its obligations faithfully to the end. On taking his seat and casting about him he saw the veterans of the Senate, the venerable fathers and orators of the Republic, and men, too, as he gazed, who even then were preparing for revolt upon the contingency of an adverse presidential election. He saw Breckinridge, of Kentucky, just then sworn into the office of Vice-President of the United States and President of the Senate. He saw here then, as seen now, a democratic majority and the leading spirits of the then policy of that proud party. There were the venerable Butler, of South Carolina; Slidell and Benjamin, of Louisiana; Toombs, of Georgia; Houston of Texas; Johnson, of Tennessee; and greatest, if last, Douglas, the giant of Illinois. And among the master spirits of the policy of the broadest liberty as the true construction of the national character, were Seward, of New York; Wade, of Ohio; HAMLIN and Fessenden, of Maine; Sumner and Wilson, of Massachusetts; Hale, of New Hampshire; Crittenden, of Kentucky; Collamar and Foot, of Vermont; Broderick, of California; Harlan, of Iowa; Cameron, of Pennsylvania; and Trumbull, of Illinois. Many of these were lawyers and statesmen of ripe experience in these halls, some of whom had sat with Calhoun and Clay and Webster and Benton, sharing in the debates of those giants of earlier days. CHANDLER, fresh from the counter, had many things to learn; but he was not long in taking his bearings.

The whole country was then profoundly agitated. President Buchanan was surrounded by Cass and Cobb, Jacob Thompson, Toucey and Floyd, Brown and Black, and Chief-Justice Taney. Filibuster Walker was maneuvering in southern waters, threatening by his piratical movements to embroil the nation in foreign war; the Kansas conflict was raging with increasing fury, and Abraham Lincoln, then a quiet country lawyer in Illinois, was carefully noting the situation and unconsciously bracing for his herculean labor. CHANDLER lost no opportunity to express concern for manifest disregard for the welfare of the North and West. Observing this early, in placement on committees in the first session of the Thirty-fifth Congress, when committees were announced, he rose and in earnest but dignified remonstrance said, "Sir, we are not satisfied, and we desire to enter our protest against any such formation of the committees as is here proposed"; and, on one of his first measures—a bill to deepen the Saint Clair Flats—said, "I want to see who is friendly to the great Northwest and who is not, for we are about making our last prayer here. * * * After 1860 we shall not be here as beggars." Upon the questions of more general character in the national policy he, with becoming reserve, deferred in debate to more experienced members; but when measures were proposed which he could not indorse, he was of such a mold that he could not sit by in silence. His face was squarely set against the Lecompton constitution and the acquisition of Cuba. His speeches on those projects are among the most telling protests raised in the Senate upon kindred measures. In the fiercer debates which followed, the custom of the duello—popular at the South, but deprecated at the North—received new life. Menace and insult had reached their limit. They were no longer to be borne. CHANDLER, Wade, and Cameron signed a com-

pact to fight on the first provocation. It certainly was a bold step, but it was effectual. CHANDLER and Wade soon had occasion to act upon their purpose. Seward's "irrepressible conflict" drew insult, and CHANDLER took up his cause. Sumner was smitten down and Wade repelled the dastardly act. Whatsoever may be said of the means employed, the code thenceforth practically came to an end. CHANDLER was as ready with words as with blows. When the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry was under discussion his allusion to the fury which sealed the fate of those whose zeal for human liberty knew no bounds, was a most biting piece of satire.

If—

Said he—

seventeen men were to attack the city of Detroit in any capacity, and the mayor should appoint as a guard more than seventeen constables to take care of them, the city auditor would decline to audit the account. He would not pay it.

His foresight was even more remarkable than his fearless, patriotic zeal. In the great presidential contest of 1860, when four candidates were before the people and the whole land was kindled to the highest state of excitement, his belief that on the success of Lincoln hinged the life of the nation made him most active and conspicuous in the campaign. He may be said to have been the triumphant knight of that great tournament. When Congress assembled, following this presidential race, he, with others, saw the national heavens black with portent. He watched with anxiety the days of winter unfolding signs of national disintegration, and marked the powers of national self-preservation scattered, and the Chief Magistrate in grave message declaring the Government powerless to prevent separation. In these and other unmistakable signs he

read the deep-seated purpose of destroying the Union, and when a peace convention of all the States was called to meet in Washington he could not restrain or disguise his judgment. The cry for "peace" then, and under such indications and preparations, was to him a pretext, the outcome of which was war. He so penned a private letter to the governor of Michigan, which, purloined, was made the subject of mock solemnity of horror by Powell, of Kentucky, and the occasion for Richardson, of Illinois, to taunt him with the authorship of what has come to be known as "CHANDLER'S blood-letting letter." CHANDLER'S reply to these was a manly, frank utterance, and such a scathing arraignment of the scheme of secession and rebellion that the loyal spirit of the country was roused, mock oratory in the Senate for the time put at rest, and this famous letter signalized as the one prophecy of patriotic foresight which the muse of history writes down sadly fulfilled. It was by him then memorably said that peace conventions would prove vain and fruitless. The 4th of March found many seats in this Chamber vacated. Subsequent events developed seven States of the Union organized at Montgomery into a separate government, with Jefferson Davis its president and ALEXANDER H. STEVENS, now a distinguished member of the other House, its vice-president, Fort Sumter invested, fired upon, and war suddenly opened on a generation that had as little practical knowledge of war as belief that arms were to settle what votes had legally expressed as the will of loyal people. The lack of the art and practice of warfare was, however, more than made up by the spirit and enthusiasm for the old flag, which knew no bounds.

Of the few rare men reared and raised into prominent place by an all-wise Providence for the matchless struggle, CHANDLER was one. He had in large measure the very qualities

to animate and inspirit a brave and willing, but unmartial people, loving country above peace and life. Such men were needed to quicken and encourage the forces on the field amid the reverses which fell to our Army during the first years of the war. Congress met in December, '61; a great shadow lay on the loyal heart; undismayed, and firm and hopeful midst disaster, CHANDLER was the first to move in this body a committee on the conduct of the war, which was on the part of the Senate composed of Wade, CHANDLER, and Johnson. And well did it perform its great task. Reports from it fill seven large volumes of the public records. To give a glimpse of the character of its work, and the lamentable national situation calculated to appall the bravest, it seems due at this time to this stout heart that his own words should voice that work and that situation. He said in this Senate, July 16, 1862:

> At an early day of the present session of Congress the Committee on the Conduct of the War was raised. * * * The committee has been in constant, almost daily, communication with the Administration, and has from time to time submitted such information as, in their opinion, should be furnished to the Executive. How valuable this information may have been to the Administration is not for me or the committee to decide, but, in my opinion, when the history of the war shall have been written the country will give credit where credit is due.

The last one of that valiant trio of this body has gone to join his colleagues where just merit is rewarded; and on this occasion and in this presence, one voice at least of that country shall say that it already gives and will thenceforth "give credit where credit is due." As to the situation, he continued:

> The battle of Bull Run seems to have been the culminating point of the rebellion. Up to that time the North hardly seemed to appreciate the fact that we were in the midst of war; that a gigantic and wicked rebellion was shaking the very foundation-stones of our political institutions; that the rebels meant a bloody, fratricidal war. The firing upon Sumter was considered rather the action of a frenzied mob than the fixed, determined

intent to break up and destroy the best Government the world had ever seen. That battle left the enemies of the country masters of the field and virtually besiegers of the capital. From that 21st day of July, 1861, the nations of the earth considered the experiment of republican institutions a failure, or at least an untried experiment. Rebellion had triumphed, and the nations believed the Republic was tottering to its fall. Our securities became valueless outside our borders, and our armies to be raised were considered men in buckram. Not so the brave and loyal millions of the North. They knew that the resources of the North had not been touched, that the battle of Bull Run was but an insignificant skirmish, without results to either side, and forthwith began to put forth their mighty energies. Up to this time the earnestness of this rebellion had not been appreciated by the North.

Later than this painful recapitulation of our then sorry condition, and in the second year of the war, our fortunes proved no better than the first. Repeated disasters not only thinned our ranks and spread distrust of success, but made the enemy bold and defiant. The hearts of the loyal people sank within them. A peace party began to develop in their midst. McClellan, the popular idol of the hour, was at the head of the finest army the world ever saw. Instead of fighting the enemy in the field, peninsula malaria was permitted to decimate that army, which, later, emerged from the seven days' disaster in covering an inglorious defeat. Still an idolized commander, no one dared arraign him—notwithstanding the Union cause was on the brink of ruin—till on the 1st day of July, 1862, ZACHARIAH CHANDLER pronounced his master speech on the conduct of the war, and closed by demanding the removal of McClellan. It fell like a thunderboldt, but it cleared the sky. From that hour hope, and new vigor, stirred the masses of the North.

To speak of his labors during the years of the war—how watchful, useful, tireless, fearless, hopeful, defiant, and active everywhere—would be to reflect upon the memories of our country and households for whose sake he battled in this Senate and elsewhere; visited field and camp; viewed the hospi-

tals; cared for the maimed and dying; cheered and upbore the President and his sorely pressed Cabinet, until victory perched upon the Union banner. Congressional records will reveal the multiplied forms in which his sagacious and practical mind shaped the measures which were so vital during the years of the war, and which now stand as the policy of the Government, and his memorial legacy, bequeathed to a saved and grateful nation.

Of his labors since that period, time will not permit me to speak at length. As chairman of the Committee on Commerce of the Senate, and of which he was a member at his death, he imparted to its varied labors that freshness and vigor of thought and breadth of suggestion for which he was ever noted. As in war, so in peace, anything which concerned the honor of, or advanced American interests never escaped his ready attention. Whether at home or abroad, her rights and welfare were to him of the first importance. To the revenue and financial measures which have contributed to restore the nation to a condition of prosperity, and have raised our commercial credit and standing to the front rank with the powers of the globe, he gave the aid of his rare experience and ripest judgment. Occupied with the exhaustive labors that grew out of the attempt to destroy the Union by force of arms; with the care, thought, and legislation demanded to provide adequate organic guarantees to forever remove the source of national division; to assure to slaves made free their rightful citizenship, and utterly extirpate every vestige of electoral disqualification; to retire to the body of the people an army millions strong; to safely reconstruct and restore desolated States; to re-establish civil service upon the basis of preference given to maimed Union soldiers in Government employ; to provide ways and means to meet the cumulative obligations of the na-

tion and place the money of the people upon a safe and stable basis; to prove that under monarchies and not republics "laws are silent in the midst of arms"—since all the functions of popular sovereignty went on with uninterrupted precision—I repeat: with care for all these subjects, Mr. CHANDLER found time and occasion to guard as well against any acts encroaching upon our rights and just relations with nations abroad, as to watch and advance the supremacy of the political party charged with the defense and welfare of the nation at home. He offered and advocated a resolution for reclamation upon Great Britain for the destruction of our shipping by the Anglo-Confederate privateers at sea; discussed non-intercourse with England; spoke with indignant fervor upon the raids from Canada; and urged a termination of the reciprocity treaty with that Dominion. He as freely denounced European despotism on this continent and raised his voice against its usurpations. He submitted a resolution of inquiry into the alleged acts of the Mexican imperial government toward the officers and men of the Juarez party, who were reported to have suffered death by order of Maximilian. His speech on this resolution was the bold denunciation of a soul burning with indignation at the intrigues and cruelties by which a hated throne had been set up on republican soil, uttered, too, at a time when our word was thought in Europe to have lost its prestige and power. He said of this imperial intruder:

> If this man, under similar circumstances, had been captured in Austria he would have been whipped to death; France would have put him in a cave and smothered him with smoke; England would have blown him to pieces at the muzzle of her guns. I think Mexico made a mistake. He had forfeited the right to die a soldier's death.

No one, I believe, ever doubted CHANDLER'S courage to be equal to any emergency, public or personal. I can recall but one occasion in my long acquaintance with him when he

seemed disheartened and borne down by the force of public events. It was when President Johnson, attempting the removal of the great War Secretary, Stanton; quarreling with the then famous hero of the war, General Grant, and defying the Congress of the United States, escaped impeachment so narrowly. CHANDLER felt that republican government was then at stake and impeachment a necessity. Never was there a time when he came so nigh despairing of the Republic as at that event. He, however, as others, happily learned that a republic that could survive the tragic loss of its beloved martyr President, and live under the misrule of an ignoring accession, has beneath its destiny a Divine grasp which gives assurance of its survival of all human device or human ill.

Men die, but the Republic lives. This Senate, as well as the country, will, however, miss Senator CHANDLER. Upon many and varied topics he shared in debate; direct, forceful, and accurate, he spoke with effect. He at times was matched with the foremost of his associates and seldom had to retract or surrender his propositions. His discussions with the classical and accomplished Sumner are striking examples of his accuracy and force in all matters of substantial fact and interest.

In the session of 1874–'75 he was putting forth his ripest powers in support of measures which he thought would tend to the general prosperity, relieve commercial depression, and bring back better times.

When his senatorial term expired his expectation was that the State he had honored and served would mark its approval by his return to the Senate for another term. Changes, however, of a partisan character had occasioned the alienation of many supporters of the republican party in several of the States of the Union. The democratic party had thus gained the ascendency in enough of those States to place the House

of Representatives in their hands. Michigan was more or less affected, and some of its old friends had turned away from the republican party in that State, as well. The republican majority in the Legislature was in a measure reduced. Though he received the nomination of his party friends, yet in the elective contest he was defeated, through the fusion of a few members with his political opponents. Never did he carry himself through any struggle with a loftier crest. He scorned to stoop for so glittering a prize.

This defeat did in no wise abate his zeal for the party which had failed to return him to his seat in the Senate. Chosen chairman of the republican national committee, although then filling the place of Secretary of the Interior, he promptly accepted its burden and actively entered upon the presidential campaign of '76. It is needless here to mention the causes which had depressed the ardor of the people and had alienated many from the support of the party in power. CHANDLER, with a trained hand, organized the campaign, and, through all the summer of fear and doubt, his unquailing spirit directed its movements. When the hearts of others began to fail, he rose in the might of his energy and infused new courage to all around him. At length, when the decisive day had come and gone, and many waited in painful suspense weary days for the tidings of the result, he, with the first consciousness of the truth, sent forth from the city of New York that ever-memorable dispatch: "Hayes has 185 votes and is elected." And so it proved. Through all the tempest of the electoral count, the clamor, outcry, threats, defiance, fierceness, and bitterness of contending partisans, rank and file, that prophet-sentence brooded in the air; and when the 4th of March arrived the nation joined in the fact, and Rutherford B. Hayes was inaugurated President of the United States, and you, Mr. President,

duly installed Vice-President and President of this august body, over which you preside with impartial ability.

Placed also at the head of the republican State central committee of Michigan for the fall campaign of '78, the happy result showed that his interest in his own State in no wise flagged. The State did not forget his national and State work. When, by the resignation of Senator Christiancy, a vacancy occurred here, CHANDLER was chosen by the Legislature with substantial unanimity to fill the place, with manifest gratification on his part, and expressed satisfaction on the part of many of his former associates.

The closing days of the late extraordinary session record another chapter in his remarkable history. The debate on the bill to pension the soldiers of the Mexican war brought Jefferson Davis conspicuously before the Senate. Fervid encomiums were pronounced upon him, till from the gallery floated down and passed among Senators this waif, "There seems to be no one here that dares call treason by its right name." When CHANDLER read it he quietly remarked, "There will be some one before the debate is closed." At three o'clock in the morning he rose and delivered that philippic which will never cease to be famous in the annals of our national polemics. Nor will any of us ever forget the last time he addressed the Senate. Senators know well, and the country minds well, the purport of his thoughts as in closing he said, "As a Senator of the United States and a citizen of the United States I appeal to the people. It is for those citizens to say who is right and who is wrong."

Congress dispersed, and in a few days he went back, as he declared he would, to the people. In several of the States there were approaching elections. Political excitement surged over the whole country. Many prominent men took part in the

canvass of States and did efficient work everywhere, but no one was held in greater request than he. It is not now invidious to say it. For the first time a Detroit merchant was summoned to New England to recount the political situation. It was my pleasure to witness his gratification on reading the telegraphic invitation from the scholarly courtesy of the Senator from Massachusetts nearest me. He traveled thousands of miles; spoke during the season at various places in Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, and Wisconsin.

Wending his way homeward, he spoke at Chicago the evening of the night of his death to what the Senator from Illinois near me, who nobly stood by him, has said, was the finest audience ever assembled in that great city of the West on any political occasion, and delivered what history will write, the greatest forensic achievement of his life. He spoke as one already chosen for the shaft of death. His counsel seemed the utterance of a dying father. Never was he more inspired, direct, powerful, and convincing. Of his party he there said:

> The republican party is the only party that ever existed, so far as I have been able to ascertain, which has not one single solitary unfaithful pledge left—not one. The republican party was created with one idea, and that was to preserve our vast territories from the blighting curse of slavery, and we saved them. But we did more than that. We pledged ourselves to save your national life; we saved it. We pledged ourselves to save your national honor, and we saved it. We pledged ourselves to give you a homestead law; we gave it. We pledged ourselves to improve your rivers and harbors, and we did it. We pledged ourselves to build you a Pacific railroad; we built it. And not to weary you, the last pledge we gave was that the very moment we were able we would redeem the obligations of this great Government in the coin of the world; and on the 1st day of January, 1879, we fulfilled the last pledge ever given. Notwithstanding all this they say your mission is ended and that you ought to die.

The multitudinous huzzas that greeted this closing effort of an eventful career made it the proudest moment of his life, when he was never so appreciated, and never so dear to the loyal heart of the American people.

A fitting finale to the sad disclosure of the morning dawn. "CHANDLER dead," as the lightning bore it on the mournful Saturday morning, stirred the soul of this people with the saddest tidings since the assassination of Lincoln. Alone in his chamber, where he had retired for the night, he cast his harness off, and the morning of November 1, 1879, discovered to the nation a loss which sent a thrill and shock as if some monarch of the forest had fallen. The people mourned as for a prince departed.

To have given in any manner a faithful touch of the public career of this earnest man without recalling great landmarks in the progress of the nation, with which he was identified, would be the play of Hamlet with Hamlet's part left out. Simply to characterize him has been my purpose, and to show 'mid what shoals he steered with safety. Words would fail to analyze such a spirit. Acts were the methods of his life, and national struggles must be retold to do even partial justice to one who, with their rise and fall, fought to win. Action was the eloquence of his life. He who is ever disturbed by the recital of the rugged pathway of the Republic, fails to learn that with nations, as with men, mistakes are the steps to success. Those who made them need not spurn the mention of them, for they have occasioned the grandeur of our national growth; those who won by them need but joy over them, for without them slavery with its woe, in the place of liberty with its glory, would to-day be the inheritance of the nation.

What more shall I say of him? He was emphatically a self-made man, shaped on a giant mold; of intense conviction and resistless will; a rough rudely-cut diamond, unpolished by culture of the schools. In strength massive, in sense surpassing, in mental force subduing, in fidelity steadfast, and in straightforward honesty as transparent as the crystal which

from every angle reflects the liquid light. Little did he care for theories. This, all his speeches show. We have learned how he toiled in the early years of his life, and how, when the time came, he wove his own personality into the web of the national fabric. His arguments were living things. His sentences were catapults. He went right to the core of every matter. He dealt with marrow, while bone and flesh were left to their own decay. He was as disinterested in the public service as man well can be.

It cost him time and money to serve his country. He asked nothing in return but a place for service. His aspirations for office were laudable; position he used as a means to an end, and that his country's good. A man of deep feeling, but his impulses always took a practical turn. It was not rose-colored sentiment, but vigorous thought and rugged act that filled the measure of his life.

With all his public labors he never lost his fondness for home. In wife and daughter and grandchildren was garnered unabating devotion. By the frankness of his nature, the ease with which he was approached, and by his broad and ready sympathy, his hold upon his friends and attachment of the masses, gave him hosts of zealous followers.

Floral tokens of admiration and affection were various and plentiful at his funeral rites. Crowning his casket was a characteristic tribute from the custodian of his business interests. It was a tablet of white azaleas, across which, with beautiful violets, was traced "Faithful to the end." The procession to his last resting place was a remarkable scene of devotion. A violent snow-storm prevailed, and yet, from home to grave, the avenues were literally thronged with men and women, defying storm, to pay their mournful tribute to their distinguished dead.

CHANDLER'S memory rests not alone in the measures which have become a part of the policy of the Government, or in the many phases of his active life, but dwells largely in the hearts of his countrymen. Time will best award him his rightful meed. To that just arbiter, as an attached friend and colaborer, I submit his varied career, from which I make no appeal.

In closing my humble tribute to his fame, I cannot forget to note that he never left a doubt upon the minds of others, wherever he moved, that, however he may have faltered at times and ways himself, he held with reverence and faith that belief which reckons life but the vestibule of immortality. All forms of infidelity he despised. If he did not always practice, he often recognized his highest obligations. A touching instance of this was the sad occasion of his burying a brother in a land of strangers, at dead of night, in the dreariness of rain. As the body of that brother was let into the grave without Christian word of parting, with none to voice a single sentiment of faith or hope, he himself bowed his knees to the earth, and there, in the pitiless storm, offered prayer to Almighty God. He did not forget, but generously befriended the Christian church. Into the secrets of his heart, on that solemn morning, when alone he met his God, we dare not, and, indeed, we cannot penetrate. Immortal now, he rests with One, who gives supreme value to all that is good in life, and, what is infinitely more, "He doeth all things well."

We have seen the nation mourn as the heroic figures that held sway in trying periods of our history passed to the dust of death—Lincoln and Stanton, Chase, Seward, Sumner, Wade, and Morton, and the thronging procession of valiant captains and men who wrought out the salvation of the Union. Added now to the roll is CHANDLER. All these are borne upon the hearts of a grateful people who delight to honor, but who are

powerless to recall. With no murmuring, but rather with hopeful spirit, do we trust steadfastly in that Providence by whose mysterious courses kingdoms and republics rise and fall; and do we reverently speak of that Being whose designs embrace countless myriads of men, by whose almighty will all nations live, and in whose omniscience the vast future of our beloved land is at this moment folded up.

Address of Mr. ANTHONY, of Rhode Island.

Mr. PRESIDENT: This scene and this occasion renew to me the shock which I experienced when the sorrowing wires unladed their burden of grief and told me that CHANDLER was dead. It is difficult to associate ZACHARIAH CHANDLER with the idea of death. His exurberant vitality, his overflowing spirit, his commanding air and presence, all forbid it. I almost look to see his manly and vigorous figure—fit tenement of his manly heart and his vigorous intellect—rise from his accustomed seat, towering above his peers in this Chamber; I almost listen for that voice whose stentorian tones these walls have so often sent back to our ears.

Born and educated in New England, passing the maturity of his years in the West, he united, in an uncommon degree, the qualities and characteristics of each: the shrewdness, the steadiness, the keen observation, the inflexible purpose of the one; the freshness, the eager earnestness, the sturdy robustness of the other; the fidelity, the truthfulness, the manliness of both. His sincerity was beyond question; his honest belief in the principles which he professed was never disputed; he meant what he said, and he said all that he meant. He had no halting opinions; he had a judgment, and a decided judgment,

on every question that was presented to him; and although at times he seemed to be hasty of speech, it was the haste of the occasion, not the haste of sudden conviction or of uncontrollable impulse. Those who knew him intimately knew how closely he had studied, how deeply he had thought upon the questions that he had discussed with apparent suddenness, and that his impulsiveness of manner followed long and careful examination of the subject under consideration. It was not the rushing of the stream swollen by violent rains, but the letting loose of the imprisoned waters of the lake, which, long collected and confined, waited but the opportunity of outlet to pour forth with more than the impetuosity of the mountain torrent. He was a forcible but not a frequent speaker. The strength of his convictions found expression in the boldness of his utterance. Disdaining the lighter graces of rhetoric, his speeches did not sparkle with wit nor glow with sentiment, but they bristled with facts; if he did not captivate by his style, he compelled assent by his reasoning; and when he had arranged his facts and constructed his argument, his conclusion followed with almost irresistible force.

Devoting himself to commerce and to politics, he attained eminent success in each and secured the highest rewards of both. To enumerate the positions which he filled and the honors that he received would be but to repeat, in feebler phrase, what has been so well said by the Senator who was his colleague. I think I shall do violence to the feelings of no man, and to the friends of no man who survives him in that State, so eminent for its distinguished sons, when I say that he was, by common acceptance, the first citizen of Michigan. The respect and affection in which he was held at home were manifested on the day of his burial. It was a fitting day for that sad office. Detroit was in mourning.

From every public building floated the emblems of sorrow, and the doors and windows of numerous private houses were draped in sable. The streets were whitened by the early snow of winter, which fell with blinding fury upon the city. The sidewalks were thronged with thousands upon thousands of men and women, who, unable to get near the house, stood exposed, for hours, to the inclement weather, waiting to see the long and melancholy procession.

To dwell at length upon his qualities as a partisan might offend the proprieties of the occasion, and I forbear. But even the slightest sketch of him would be imperfect without some reference to his partisan character. He was a party man. He held that the division of the people into parties was essential to the balance of elective institutions. He early selected for his support the party that was, in his judgment, most conformable to the spirit of the Constitution, to the rights and liberties of the people, and to the prosperity of the country; and having deliberately made his choice, he adhered to it with all the tenacity of his nature. He believed in strong measures, and had no confidence in half-way methods and expedients. Whatever was right and proper he held was to be promoted by all legal and proper means.

He died as he would have preferred to die—suddenly, painlessly, and with his harness on. He fell as the warrior falls, on the eve of battle, with his sword in his hand and his shield upon his arm. Death was kinder to him than it often is to the race of man, to all of whom "it is appointed once to die." No lingering disease wasted that stalwart form; no protracted suffering enfeebled that masculine intellect. The Pale Messenger, unheralded and unexpected, summoned him in the vigor of health and of active usefulness; touched him with his wand, and he sank to eternal sleep—no, we believe he rose to eternal life.

Address of Mr. BAYARD, of Delaware.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The relations I have held with the deceased Senator CHANDLER have arisen only as a consequence of my service as a member of this body, and it has so happened that by the organization of political parties we usually found ourselves in decided opposition to each other.

Of his political opinions, actions, and methods I will not therefore speak, for I could not do so approvingly, nor would it be worthy of myself or of him to attempt qualification or reconciliation of our decided opinions on policies or principles of government—in regard to which few men differed so widely as he and I.

It may be adopted as a wise rule in arriving at an estimate of men and their careers, to precede a formation of judgment of an antagonist by the inquiry, "How would we have regarded the action of our adversary had his energies been exerted in favor of the party and policies with which we ourselves have been allied?"

May it not well be, that seen thus through a medium of sympathetic *ends*, the *means* of attainment would have appeared somewhat less objectionable?

In the maze of action and passion of daily political life we are not apt to judge men justly, and may easily fail equally to appreciate the faults of an ally and the virtues of an opponent.

But there were traits and qualities in Mr. CHANDLER that all men may dwell upon with admiration and respect, and which I have now a melancholy satisfaction in attesting.

He was manly, impulsive, outspoken, sincere, and generous; an open but not implacable foe, and a steady and courageous friend.

His hand was open, for he was "a cheerful giver." He possessed a mind of superior force and sagacity, and his faculties for the administration of affairs were eminently practical and effective.

In one important respect he supplied an example valuable in any government, and especially in one so popular in its forward nature as our own. I refer to the fact that on no occasion was Mr. CHANDLER known to use his official position for his own pecuniary gain—directly or indirectly.

His death has ended a long career of public service in executive and legislative capacities, and throughout his hands were ever clean of unjust or illegitimate gain, nor did his bitterest political foe (and no man evoked a stronger personal criticism) ever charge, or even suspect him, with making personal profit out of his political station and opportunities.

He was a man of vigorous, frank nature, and his virtues and his faults were the natural outgrowth. Free-handed and open-hearted, he kept his word, despised a coward, and loathed a hypocrite.

Standing now as it were above his newly made grave, I bear willing testimony to these personal virtues, and can recall many instances of his accommodating kindness and personal courtesy, which rendered the transaction of business with him so easy and agreeable.

For the rest, I feel that we are too near the years of his active political career to express positive judgment.

To justly measure so aggressive, vigorous, and influential a character as his, it must be viewed at a little distance, as sculptors often ask for the consideration of their strongest and most rugged works.

Time will mellow, and reflection will soften the asperities

and animosities caused by recent and heated conflict and which may obscure somewhat present judgment.

Mr. President, the messenger of death came to our departed associate suddenly, and in the very midst of his most ardent and strenuous pursuits.

Here in this hall of public deliberation, once more are we confronted and startled by the foot-prints of the Pale Archer, whose shafts intended surely for each one of us remain as yet in the quiver unselected. Busied as we all are with the thoughts and cares of daily life, should we not pause to-day, and thinking of the strong man who has been so suddenly called from our side, and from the home and wide circle of friends, to whom his warm heart and manly qualities so endeared him:—glance down the inevitable pathway he has been called upon to tread, and so order our living that each may not fear to follow in his turn?

Address of Mr. HAMLIN, of Maine.

The friendships formed in this body in long association are no inconsiderable compensation for the labors and annoyance incident to senatorial life. While patience and forbearance are sometimes exhausted in earnest, extended, and at times angry debate, and many things are said and done in zeal which the calmer judgment will not approve, yet the ties here formed and cemented will never be severed in life. As a rule these friendships, differing in degree, are far more general than is supposed. The cases are rare and exceptional where association here does not produce a cordial and sincere greeting as we mingle and meet along the pathway of life. And the acquaintance formed here with the deceased distinguished Sena-

tor, which ripened into permanent and undisturbed friendship, justifies if it does not require that I should add a few words of personal tribute to his worth and memory in the same spirit with which the friendly hand would place a garland of flowers upon his new-made grave. Some have spoken and others will speak more elaborately of his public life and valuable services.

I first knew of Mr. CHANDLER as a distinguished merchant in the city of Detroit, where he had become eminent for his high commercial and financial integrity, and had established a business reputation which extended far beyond the limits of his own State. In one of those financial tornadoes which at times disturbed the business and industries of our country, when older and apparently more firmly established houses were wrecked by the blast, so well established was his reputation for unquestioned mercantile capacity and integrity that, when himself in doubt as to his ability to withstand the crisis, on consultation with those with whom he had business relations, and acting under their united advice and assurances of support, he went forward triumphantly and successfully outriding the storm. An honorable merchant of known and unquestioned integrity, he was at all times entitled to receive and did receive the highest consideration. It is indeed a priceless legacy which he has left to his family, and he furnishes an example which should be imitated by all who care to be honest. His sterling character in that regard is the brighter in times like these, when the crime of repudiation stalks at noonday and finds unblushing advocates among States and corporations as well as among individuals. It is a truth that cannot be too often or earnestly expressed, that an honest man *is* God's noblest work.

I knew of the Senator also as a distinguished leader in the

whig party in the days of its strength and its triumph. He was once its honored leader in a gubernatorial contest in his State. I also knew of him well as one of the prominent and leading men in the State of Michigan by whose counsels and under whose guidance the republican party was formed, and those who thought alike were induced to act together; a party in which he was at all times prominent, and to which he adhered with unwavering fidelity to the close of his life; and by which he won that national confidence and respect to which he was so eminently entitled.

But I became personally acquainted with Senator CHANDLER on that day when we were sworn in as members of this body, and at the time when he first took his seat in the Senate of the United States.

In my judgment, the most prominent and distinguishing traits in the character of Senator CHANDLER were his sincere convictions of what he believed to be right, and his indomitable courage in expressing and maintaining those convictions regardless of consequences. He who possesses those characteristics may always have enemies, but he will never be without friends. I have myself but little respect for that man who has not enough of character to make an enemy, for he cannot be worthy to claim others as his friends. The frankness with which Senator CHANDLER expressed his opinions upon all occasions was not acceptable to many, and if he did not thereby incur their hostility he certainly failed to attach them to him as friends. But none were left in doubt as to the position he would occupy upon any question in regard to which his opinions were known. He was a man of convictions and courage; never a man of policy and compromise; nor did he believe in that timidity which in effect was treason to right and justice.

That in his life for which he was perhaps held in the highest

esteem by the loyal people of this country was the zeal and courage he displayed and the labor he performed in maintaining the supremacy of the Government. Many there were who talked more; few, if any, who labored as much and as effectively. With him it was always actions rather than words. He had then, as at all times, the boldness to characterize things and events by their right names, however distasteful it might be to others. I would award all honor to the brave men who by their heroic acts and undaunted courage have been so instrumental in advancing the best interests of our common country in the field or on the ocean. I would pluck no leaf from the wreaths that so justly adorn their brows. I yield to none in the respect I would pay to them. But courage, cool, deliberate, unmistakable courage, is as requisite and is as certainly displayed in the deliberative councils of the nation as on the field of battle. The highest courage is that which always dares to do the right and fears only to do the wrong. The victories of peace are more important than those of war, and to those who win them the highest homage is due.

> Not to the ensanguined field of death alone
> Is valor limited: she sits serene
> In the deliberative council, sagely scans
> The sources of action, weighs, prevents, provides,
> And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
> Of brutal force alone.

Those of us who were so long associated with the late Senator in this body will miss him exceedingly. In the wisdom of an inscrutable Providence, his seat here has been made vacant. All that was mortal of him now reposes in the soil of his adopted State, which he had honored as the State had honored him. Those who knew him best will mourn him most, while the nation pays homage to his memory for public services so grandly performed.

Address of Mr. BLAINE, of Maine.

Mr. CHANDLER sprang from a strong race of men, reared in a State which has shed luster on other Commonwealths by the gift of her native-born and her native-bred. She gave Webster to Massachusetts, Chief-Justice Chase to Ohio, General Dix to New York, and Horace Greeley to the head of American journalism. Mr. CHANDLER left New Hampshire before he attained his majority, and with limited pecuniary resources sought a home in the inviting territory of the Northwest. He had great physical strength, with remarkable powers of endurance, possessed energy that could not be overtaxed, was gifted with courage of a high order, was imbued with principles which throughout his life were inflexible, was intelligent and well instructed, and in all respects equipped for a career in the great and splendid region where he lived and grew and strengthened and prospered and died.

For a long period following the second war with Great Britain the Territory of Michigan was governed by one of the most persuasive and successful of American statesmen, whose pure and honorable life, whose grace and kindness of manner, and whose almost unlimited power in what was then a remote frontier Territory, had enabled him to mould the vast majority of the early settlers to his own political views. When Mr. CHANDLER reached Detroit General Cass had left the scene of his long reign—for reign it might well be called—to assume control of the War Department under one of the strongest administrations that ever governed the country. The great majority of young men at twenty years of age naturally drifted with a current that was so strong; but Mr. CHANDLER had inherited certain political principles which were strengthened by his own convictions as he grew to manhood, and he

took his stand at once and firmly with the minority. He was from the outset a strong power in the political field; though not until his maturer years, with fortune attained and the harder struggles of life crowned with victory, would he consent to hold any public position. But he was in all the fierce conflicts which raged for twenty years in Michigan, and which ended in changing the political mastery of the State. It is not matter of wonder that personal estrangements occurred in such prolonged and bitter controversy, without indeed the loss of mutual respect, and in one of the most exciting periods of the struggle General Cass spoke publicly of not enjoying the honor of Mr. CHANDLER'S acquaintance. It was just three years afterward, as Mr. CHANDLER delighted to tell with good-natured and pardonable boasting, that he carried to General Cass a letter of introduction from the governor of Michigan which so impressed the General that he caused it to be publicly read in this Chamber and placed on the permanent files of the Senate. It is to the honor of both these great men that complete cordiality of friendship was restored, and that in the hour of supreme peril to the nation which came soon after, General Cass and Mr. CHANDLER stood side by side in maintaining the Union of the States by the exercise of the war power of the government. They sleep their last sleep in the same beautiful cemetery near the city which was so long their home, under the soil of the State which each did so much to honor, and on the shores of the lakes whose commercial development, spanned by their lives, has been so greatly promoted by their efforts.

The anti-slavery agitation which broke forth with such strength in 1854, following the repeal of the Missouri compromise, met with partial reaction soon after, and in 1856 Mr. Buchanan was chosen to the Presidency. Mr. CHANDLER

took his seat for the first time in this body on the day of Mr. Buchanan's inauguration. It was the first public station he had ever held except the mayoralty of Detroit for a single term, and the first for which he had ever been a candidate, except when in 1852 he consented to lead the forlorn hope of the whigs in the contest for governor of Michigan. When he entered the Senate the democratic party bore undisputed sway in this Chamber, having more than two-thirds of the entire body. The party was led by resolute, aggressive, able, uncompromising men, who played for a high stake and who played the bold game of those who were willing to cast all upon the hazard of the die. The party in opposition, to which Mr. CHANDLER belonged, was weak in numbers but strong in character, intellect, and influence. Seward, with his philosophy of optimism, his deep study into the working of political forces, and his affluence of rhetoric, was its accepted leader. He was upheld and sustained by Sumner, with his wealth of learning and his burning zeal for the right; by Fessenden, less philosophic than Seward, less learned than Sumner, but more logical and skilled o' fence than either; by Wade, who in mettle and make-up was a Cromwellian, who, had he lived in the days of the Commonwealth, would have fearlessly followed the Protector in the expulsion of an illegal Parliament, or drawn the sword of the Lord and Gideon to smite hip and thigh the Amalekites who appeared anew in the persons of the cavaliers; by Collamer, wise and learned, pure and dignified, a conscript father in look and in fact; by John P. Hale, who never faltered in his devotion to the anti-slavery cause, and who had earlier than any of his associates broken his alliance with the old parties and given his eloquent voice to the cause of the despised Nazarenes; by Trumbull, acute, able, untiring, the first republican Senator from that great State

which has since added so much to the grandeur and glory of our history; by Hamlin, with long training, with devoted fidelity, with undaunted courage, who came anew to the conflict of ideas with a State behind him, with its faith and its force, and who alone of all the illustrious Senate of 1857 is with us to-day; by Cameron, with wide and varied experience in affairs, with consummate tact in the government of parties, whose active political life began in the days of Monroe, and who, after a prolonged and stormy career, still survives by reason of strength at fourscore, with the strong attachment of his friends, the respect of his opponents, the hearty good wishes of all.

Into association with these men Mr. CHANDLER entered when in his forty-fourth year. His influence was felt, and felt powerfully, from the first day. A writer at the time said that the effect of CHANDLER'S coming was like the addition of a fresh division of troops to an army engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with an outnumbering foe. He encouraged, upheld, inspired, coerced others to do things which he could not do himself, but which others could not have done without him. His first four years in the Senate were passed in a hopeless minority, where a sense of common danger had banished rivalry, checked jealousy, toned down ambition, and produced that effective harmony and splendid discipline which won the most signal and far-reaching of all our political victories in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. Changed by this triumph and the startling events which followed into a majority party in the Senate, the republicans found many of their oldest and ablest leaders trained only to the duties of the minority, and not fitted to assume with grace and efficiency the task of administrative leadership. They had been so long studying the science of attack that they were awkward when they felt the need and assumed the responsibility of defense.

They were like some of the British regiments in the campaign of Namur, of whom William of Orange said there was no fortress of the French that could resist them, and none that was safe in their hands.

It was from this period that Mr. CHANDLER became more widely known to the whole country—achieving almost at a single bound what we term a national reputation. His defiant attitude in the presence of the impending and overwhelming danger of war; his superb courage under all the doubts and reverses of that terrible struggle between brethren of the same blood; his readiness to do all things, to dare all things, to endure all things for the sake of victory to the Union; his ardent support of Mr. Lincoln's administration in every war measure which was proposed; his quickness to take issue with the administration when he thought a great campaign was about to be ruined by what was termed the Fabian policy; his inspiring presence, his burning zeal, his sleepless vigilance, his broad sympathies, his prompt decision, his eager patriotism, his crowning faith in the final result, all combined to give to Mr. CHANDLER a front rank among those honorable and devoted men who in our war history are entitled to stand next to those who led the mighty conflict on the field of battle.

To portray Mr. CHANDLER'S career for the ten consecutive years after the war closed would involve too close a reference to exciting questions still in some sense at issue. But in that long period of service, and in the shorter one that immediately preceded his death, those who knew him well could observe a constant intellectual growth. He was fuller and stronger and abler in conference and in debate the last year of his life than ever before. He entered the Senate originally without any practice in parliamentary discussion. He left it one of the most forcible and most fearless antagonists that could be en-

countered in this Chamber. His methods were learned here. He was plain and yet eloquent; aggressive and yet careful; fearless without showing bravado. What he knew, he knew with precision; the powers he possessed were always at his command, and he never declined a challenge to the lists. "Here and now" was his motto, and his entire senatorial career and his life indeed outside seemed guided by that spirit of bravery which the greatest of American Senators exhibited, in the only boast he ever made, when he quoted to Mr. Calhoun the classic defiance:

> Concurritur; horæ
> Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.

Mr. CHANDLER'S fame was enlarged by his successful administration of an important Cabinet position. Called by President Grant to the head of the Interior Department by telegraphic summons, he accepted without reluctance and without distrust. His eighteen years of positive and uncompromising course in the Senate had borne the inevitable fruit of many enmities as well as the rich reward of countless friends. The appointment was severely criticised and unsparingly condemned by many who, a year later, were sufficiently just and magnanimous to withdraw their harsh words and bear generous testimony to his executive ability, his painstaking industry, and his inflexible integrity; to his admirable talent for thorough organization, and to his prompt and graceful dispatch of public business. What his friends had before known of his character and his capacity the chance of a few brief months in an administrative position had revealed to the entire country and had placed in history.

It would not be just even in the generous indulgence conceded to eulogy to speak of Mr. CHANDLER as a man without faults. But assuredly no enemy, if there be one above his life-

less form, will ever say that he had mean faults. They were all on the generous and larger side of his nature. In amassing his princely fortune he never exacted the pound of flesh; he never ground the faces of the poor; he was never even harsh to an honest debtor unable to pay. His wealth came to him through his own great ability, devoted with unremitting industry for a third of a century to honorable trade in that enlarging, ever-expanding region, whose capacities and resources he was among the earliest to foresee and to appreciate.

To his friends Mr. CHANDLER was devotedly true. Like Colonel Benton, he did not use the word "friend" lightly and without meaning. Nor did he ever pretend to be friendly to a man whom he did not like. He never dissembled. To describe him in the plain and vigorous Saxon which he spoke himself—he was a true friend, a hard hitter, an honest hater.

In that inner circle of home life, sacred almost from reference, Mr. CHANDLER was chivalric in devotion, inexhaustible in affection, and exceptionally happy in all his relations. Whatever of sternness there was in his character, whatever of roughness in his demeanor, whatever of irritability in his temper, were one and all laid aside when he sat at his own hearthstone, or dispensed graceful and generous hospitality to unnumbered guests. There he was seen at his best, and there his friends best love to recall him. As Burke said of Lord Keppel, he was a wild stock of pride on which the tenderest of hearts had grafted the milder virtues.

A sage whose words have comforted many generations of men tells us that when death comes every one can see its deplorable and grievous side—only the wise can see causes for reconcilement. Let us be wise to-day and celebrate the memory of a man who stood on the confines of age without once feeling its weakness or realizing its decay; who passed sixty-

six years in this world without losing a single day of mental activity or physical strength; who had a business career of great length and unbroken prosperity; who had attained in public life a fourth election to the Senate of the United States, an honor enjoyed by fewer men in the Republic than even its Chief Rulership, and who strengthening with his years stood higher in the regard of his countrymen, stronger with his constituency, nearer to his friends, and dearer to his kindred, at the close of his career than on any preceding day of his eventful life.

Address of Mr. LOGAN, of Illinois.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Illinois by the side of her sister State (Michigan) mourns with her the loss of her honored son. No language of mine will be sufficiently eloquent to portray in fitting terms the loss we all feel in the death of so noble and patriotic a man as was our brother Senator.

Twenty years ago, sir, in this city I made his acquaintance. We then differed in our political theories, but, sir, there was an indescribable something that attracted me and caused me to like the man. During the great rebellion against this Government we became better acquainted and better friends, and from that time up to his death nothing had ever marred our kindly relations. I learned to admire him more and more as I knew him better. No man could know him well without having great respect and admiration for him.

To describe him merely as an ordinary man would be to do his record and memory great injustice. To say that he was a very great man, in the sense in which that term is generally understood, might be considered fulsome praise; but, sir, if greatness consists in the accomplishment of honest purpose, he

was truly great. The sixty-six years that have passed over his head were to him replete with honor and prosperity. On whatever line he moved he achieved a triumph. Physically, he was a model of stalwart mold; his mental structure was strong and vigorous; in energy he was not a laggard in anything in which he engaged. He was a thinker, however crude he may have been in speech. He was bold in his expressions and manly in his utterances; his powers of organization and combination were unsurpassed. Those who may have found themselves in opposition to him on any line, political or otherwise, can well attest this fact.

He was not only a man of thought, but of action; he was generous, kind, true, and faithful; his bosom welled up and overflowed with the milk of human kindness; his heart was large enough to embrace within its sympathies all classes; his watchword ever was liberty and protection to all. He was a patriot in the broadest sense in which that term is understood. During his country's severest trials his services in her behalf in giving aid and encouragement to the people of his own State and in the councils of the nation by his bold and fearless course were great. When the storm of secession was fiercest he was boldest; as trials came he rose with the emergency; in the darkest night he was one of the most steadfast stars. Sir, he was by nature a leader and controller of men, possessing all the necessary qualities that would have fitted him for a great field-marshal, the energy, the boldness, the judgment, the decision, the courage, with the capacity for action and council. He was the builder of his own fortunes, and the molder of his own sentiments, a man, sir, true and steadfast to his friends, and one who never asked or begged quarter from an enemy. Yet, he was just at all times to friend and foe. His frankness and freedom of expression at times gave offense, when by a

different course he might have made his pathway smoother, but he chose to be candid and honest. By this manly course (as is frequently the case) he became the subject of much criticism and vituperation from a class of people that constantly revel in calumny. But, sir, he moved on in his upright course, as became a man of worth, so that before his death he had passed through the mist and clouds of detraction, and stood out from among and above them in the full brightness of a glorious vindication.

> The evil that men do, lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones.

But, sir, in the case of the deceased Senator his good deeds were so vividly marked that they will live after him in imperishable glory, while the mistakes he may have made (those construed into evil) were of such insignificance that they will soon be lost in the great ocean of forgetfulness.

But, sir, in paying this tribute to his memory, I do not choose to speak of his different official acts. I prefer to leave that duty to others, and to let the history of his country speak of these, along with the ages as they pass. His official record, as a whole, is a grand one, and requires no barren eulogy at my hands.

Mr. President, on the last day of his life, in company with one other gentleman, I came with him from Janesville, Wisconsin, to Chicago. He was apparently in excellent health. On the way once he complained of slight indigestion. At about twelve o'clock I left him at the Grand Pacific Hotel. About five o'clock that afternoon I called at his room, and found him then in exceedingly good spirits and looking in fine condition. At 7.30 he went to McCormick's Hall. There I sat by his side on the stage. At about eight o'clock he was introduced by the president of the Young Men's Auxiliary Club

[Mr. Collier] to a grand audience composed of ladies and gentlemen.

He commenced slowly, but warmed up with his subject until he became so eloquent and forcible in his language and illustrations that the audience, in the midst of his speech, arose with one accord and gave three cheers. No orator during an address in the city of Chicago ever received more marked attention or greater applause. He created an enthusiasm that carried all along with it like the rushing force of a mighty storm. This, sir, was the grandest triumph of his life, and he felt it to be so.

He stood forth before that grand audience like a giant, and with full-volumed voice spoke like a Webster or a Douglas. His words were well chosen; his sentences terse and complete, abounding in wit, humor, and happy local hits; his logic came like hot shot in the din of battle, crashing through the oaks of the forest. One of his last sentences still rings in my ears, "Shut up your stores, shut up your manufactories, and go to work for your country." The effect of this last speech of Senator CHANDLER was electrical; its influence is still felt among the business men of Chicago. The meeting adjourned with great demonstrations in favor of the speaker. He left the hall and went directly to his room and soon retired to rest.

The next morning I was sitting with my family at breakfast, in the Palmer House; a gentleman came into the dining-room in great haste and spoke to me, saying, "LOGAN, your friend is dead—found in his room, dead."

Sir, I arose and bowed my head; my heart was filled with grief and sorrow. I repaired at once to the room occupied by the Senator in the Grand Pacific Hotel, and there, sir, he lay, in the cold and icy embrace of death.

Yes, sir, dead! He is gone from us. We will hear him no

more; his voice is hushed in silence forever. In his room, no one being present with him, in the lonely and solemn gloom of the night, he had passed from life unto death, and in such a peaceful manner that the angel of death must have whispered the message so softly and gently that he knew not his coming. But, sir, what a shock it was to the living. As the fall of the stalwart oak causes a trembling in the surrounding forest, so did the fall of Senator CHANDLER cause the tender chords of the hearts of this people to vibrate with the tender touch of sympathy everywhere.

Sir, the day after his death we took his remains from this lonely chamber to his home in Detroit, and there, in the midst of his grief-stricken family, gently laid them down. A deep, mournful silence hung heavily over the old family mansion.

One unbroken gloom seemed to rest on the clustered trees, where the feathered songsters in spring-time had cheered the happy family with notes of sweetest music. The wintry chill from the snow-blasts without was but a faint type of the deep sadness which hung like a pall over every heart. Even the sighing wind that swept around in its saddened wail seemed to chant a requiem for the departed Senator. Well might his friends weep at their own as well as their country's loss. Indeed, he was a man of whom all may speak in praise, and upon whose bier all may drop the tear of sorrow. When earth received him she took to her bosom one of her manly sons, and when Paradise bade his spirit come a noble one entered there.

Mr. President, time brings lessons that teach us that hope does not perish when the stars of life refuse longer to give light.

The death of our brother Senator and those still closely following him should constantly warn us of the fact that we are traveling to "the undiscovered country, from whose bourn

no traveler returns." 'Tis true the grave in its silence gives forth no voice, nor whispers of the morrow, but there is a voice borne upon the lips of the morning zephyrs that lets fall a whisper, quickening the heart with a knowledge that there is an abode beyond the tomb. Sir, our lamps are burning now, some more brightly than others; some shed their light from the mountain's top, others from the lowly vales; but let us so trim them that they may all burn with equal brilliancy when relighted in our mansions beyond the mysterious river.

I fondly hope, sir, that there we will again meet our departed friend.

Address of Mr. MORRILL, of Vermont.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The manly features which stood forth in the character of our deceased associate, like those of his commanding person, were so rounded and full, so distinctly pronounced, that they could not fail to give the same impression to all observers, and hence our tributes to-day may wear the aspect of photographs of the same figure, with merely variations of posture. After the eloquent full-length representations already supplied, I shall only briefly point out what I have learned to consider as among the distinctive characteristics of that life and form which lately gave such robust assurance of length of days, but which, to our sorrow, has been swiftly summoned, as we all soon must be, to that world of light and hope where the weary are at rest.

The late Senator CHANDLER, as all may know, was born in the southeastern border of New Hampshire, a region which has been wondrously fruitful of distinguished statesmen whose fortune it was to be sent here and long retained as Senators

from other and more populous States. Among these eminent men were Webster and Wilson from Massachusetts, Dix from New York, Chase from Ohio, Grimes from Iowa, and Cass from Michigan, who was superseded by him whose decease we now lament. These men, going where they would, were sure to leave their "foot-prints on the sands of time," and were never less than the peers of the foremost men in this body, of which Mr. CHANDLER was so recently a conspicuous member, dear to us and to his own people.

As one of the pioneers of Michigan, his ambition was, through sterling integrity and unflinching resolution, to grasp business on a comprehensive scale, and he, with others, made Detroit, from a small town, a commercial metropolis thoroughly equipped to meet the wants of trade in a great and rapidly-growing State. From the start he never underrated the magnificence of western prairies or western forests, nor their present or prospective power, and there he found a congenial home.

Upon his first entrance into this Chamber he brought with him the same invincible energy that had crowned a successful mercantile career. Having led a busy life, with daily opportunities, through extensive observation, to acquire knowledge, he was already a man of affairs, whose ripened judgment commanded respect; and among measures he was not slow to fix upon the possible best rather than the doubtful, or, among men, to select the competent rather than the incompetent. When he would lead, he boldly marched in front, nor sought to elude the fire of adversaries. Wasting no time in the consideration of the rubbish born of ill-starred experiments, magic-lantern illusions, or incomprehensible theories, he aimed with fearless self-reliance at once to reach surefooted, solid-sense conclusions, shirking neither work nor danger, and bringing

both the strength and courage which he so often found to triumph over all difficulties.

For many years in the Senate he was chairman of the Committee on Commerce—no other so long—and conducted its business with unflagging fidelity and praiseworthy economy. An instance of the latter occurred when a bill, reported by him for river and harbor improvements, had been overloaded here with many prodigal additions, and, rather than to bear the responsibility of an overgrown expenditure, he helped to kill the original offspring of his own committee, by a vote to *table the bill.* That year no appropriation was made for such objects, and, if there was any log-rolling greed, it received a check.

Mr. CHANDLER was intensely loyal to the Republic—not to a sham, nor to such "stuff as dreams are made of"—but to a sovereignty under organic law, able and ready to give back to its citizens something in return for all services demanded. He would have been ashamed of a weak, spineless, and rickety republic, or one on any Spanish-American pattern, having no iron in its blood, and ready to break down at the first hostile pronunciamento; but he was proud of that which stands forth great both in peace and war, and by its regard for law and order, by its devotion to human rights, by its adherence to every pledge of public faith, by its matchless march of freedom and its progressive spirit, has also shown itself worthy to rule and protect, with an imperishable vitality, the American continent.

The attitude of foreign nations during the late rebellion could not fail to be watched by our people, as it was by Senator CHANDLER, with constant solicitude, not—whatever that attitude might have been—as throwing any doubt upon the final triumph of the Union arms, but as a contingency which

at times threatened to prolong a bloody contest and to multiply its griefs. Our Republic, it is not to be concealed, had a few hearty friends among the monarchs and oligarchs of Europe, but we now know that the Queen of Great Britain, in spite of the sinister advice of Napoleon the Villain, was wiser and less unfriendly than any of her colonies, or than some of her ministers, who vainly hoped to gain untold advantages by breaking up the American Government into smaller and possibly less formidable proportions. Senator CHANDLER, however, never lacking audacity to defend the national life at all hazards, was one of those who did not believe the United States were any too large, and he had an abiding faith that its power would always be growing larger. His home confronted the western gateway to a large, but not invulnerable, British province, and he was wont to be impatient—genial as was his natural temperament—that the government of a great and kindred people, bound to us also by paramount commercial interests, should in such a crisis take a hostile or even a doubtful position, which he thought would have been most carefully if not fraternally avoided, provided our forces by land and sea had not been supposed to be fully employed against those to whom "belligerent rights" had been wrongfully conceded. Senator CHANDLER'S repeated denunciations of the primarily responsible party to the piratical raids of the Alabama and Shenandoah were loud and unstinted, and he insisted that, for these and other national wrongs, we held a valid lien upon the Canadas to be enforced at our will and pleasure. He gave utterance in the white heat of the strife to some rather angry philippics, but the gentle sway of the Queen saved our people from any attempt to show, as no doubt many were eager to show, that there was method in the Senator's madness. As chairman of the Committee on Com-

merce, he could not look with composure upon the capture of American ships nor upon their forced transfer to escape capture, and he resented the foul blow by which the ancient mistress of the ocean appeared to profit.

If, then, he showed some bitterness to foreigners whose sympathies were openly against us during the war, we may not wonder at, and should pardon, his profounder indignation that any one of his own countrymen, without provocation, should have been so dead to patriotism as to be willing that the nation should perish, or to forget that

> This is my own, my native land.

For a violent and bloody rebellion, against a government wholly free and popular, any tolerance seemed to him too much and any chastisement too little. But it was the rectification of national authority he sought—not personal vengeance.

In 1875, soon after a protracted service of eighteen years in the United States Senate, covering great epochs and crises in our history, he was appointed, by President Grant, Secretary of the Department of the Interior—a Department of the Government which, perhaps, through its multifarious branches, is more than any other directly seen and felt by the people. The Patent, Pension, Land, and Indian Bureaus—to say nothing of the educational and census dependencies—each and all require the perpetual and vigilant supervision of the Secretary, and it may be said that no other Department is more exposed to public criticism or to private suspicion; but when Mr. CHANDLER entered this new and untried field of duties, he at the outset exhibited his mastery by organizing every branch of the service upon "business principles," and thus its vast machinery, reaching to our remotest boundaries, moved without noise and without friction. The confidence of the people in the integrity and efficiency of the Department of the Inte-

rior became complete, and when the Secretary left the office he had, as an executive officer, largely advanced a reputation already national.

At our last session he reappeared here, returned for the fourth time, in his senatorial character, but alas! only to remain long enough to show to him the unending attachment of his people—to us the brittleness of human life.

Along with a stalwart frame, he carried a stalwart will, and was blessed with that outspoken decision of character which leans not to the right nor left to obtain support. Physically and mentally he was muscular, and, if he could have been vain of anything, as he was not, it might have been as an athlete. He never complained of overwork, whether that work was official, or on the stump, on the "conduct of the war," or on the conduct of his model farm, which for some years had mostly engaged his affections and fully justified his pride. Not unmindful of the rank won and worn as a merchant, nor of the honor he kept bright as a Senator, he yet at heart and at home preferred to be known as a *great farmer*, and as such, with all the rest added, he will be known and long remembered by the people of the State he loved so well.

Senator CHANDLER was a partisan, never neutral, but a republican of the straitest sect. By no free-trade tariff would he build up foreign trade on a degraded people, nor build up a gambling home trade on money intrinsically unsound. He was a stanch friend of internal improvements, and on such questions as the equality of man before the law, land for the landless, schools for the illiterate, he might almost be styled a Hebrew of the Hebrews. He believed in republican men and measures, and so believed because to him they were nothing less than the custodians and sure promises of the honor and prosperity of the country. His opinions, based

upon full and life-long convictions, were stoutly held, and did not ebb and flow with every change of the moon. He was not a frequent speaker in the Senate, and his wit never got blunted by having too fine a point, but when he did speak, having something to say, his words were so hearty and straightforward that neither friend nor foe could deny their ringing force or misinterpret their meaning.

Never claiming the glittering refinements or eloquence of schools, nor trying to escape oblivion by rhetoric, yet his aid as a campaign speaker was widely sought, and the remarkable speech delivered by him on the evening destined to be his last upon earth, may be cited as an example of his vigor, pungency, and effectiveness as a political orator.

And thus we bid adieu to a strong man, to a true and loyal spirit, to him whose impassioned devotion to his whole country was only comparable to the tender love he bore in all his relations as a son, husband, and father.

Address of Mr. BLAIR, of New Hampshire.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The man whose obsequies are now being celebrated in the august halls of the Capitol was one of the extraordinary characters of American history.

His career from the hearthstone to the tomb was one of singular individuality and power. It was one constant and successful struggle between great native forces marshaled by an heroic and aggressive soul, and every form of opposition to his personal advancement and to the purposes of a patriotic public life; yet he never encountered an obstacle which he did not destroy. He was over all mortal combatants conqueror, until on the very summit of victory, at the close of a stern and incessant warfare prolonged for nearly seventy years, with his

eye still burning like the eagle's, and his arm still raised in mighty action, Death killed him as with a feather, and the commanding form was forever still; the strong intellect, the storm-compelling will, and imperial soul vanished from sublunary affairs. There was not even a premonitory suggestion, the tinkling of a servant's bell; not one lifted finger of friendship, not one parting tear of love.

When shall the promise of inspiration be fulfilled? When shall Death, the last enemy, be himself destroyed? In this presence God alone is great.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER was a son of New Hampshire, and the State which even in these latter days has given to the country some of the greatest men of modern or of any times—among them Cass, and Hale, and Wilson, and Chase, and the colossal genius of Webster—is proud to add his name to the long list of her heroes, philanthropists, and statesmen. Born and nurtured among the grand and beautiful scenes of mountain, valley, lake, and stream which have given to New Hampshire the name of the Switzerland of America, Mr. CHANDLER felt from childhood that his future lay in the vast possibilities of the West; that there alone was room for the energy and enterprise of his unfolding powers, and that he must consecrate his strong arm and his sagacious, indomitable, and freedom-loving soul to the development of the great central region of the Republic. At the age of nineteen years he departed from Bedford, near Manchester, the home of his youth, where still abound affectionate memories of his marked qualities indicative of the coming man, and planted himself on the shores of the great lake which constitues the focus of our inland commerce, and which has given its name to one of the happiest and most powerful of American Commonwealths. There during forty-six years, comprising the most remarkable period of

our domestic development and, I think, of our national history, ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, more than any other of her citizens, was the State of Michigan; and during the last twenty-five years, with but few exceptions, as much as any other one man, he has shaped the destinies of the United States.

While for one-fourth of a century he was a conspicuous figure in public affairs, I do not deny that others may have filled a larger space in the gazettes, and a few—a very few—may have been more important factors in the course of events. Yet I know not of ten men in his generation who, in my belief, have furnished so much of courage and fidelity; of will-power and aggressiveness, tempered by discretion and common sense; of stanch and granitic consecration to conviction; of deep, unvarying purpose, which defied calamity and laughed at vicissitude; of staying and recuperating power in adversity as well as of tremendous energy in the hour of decisive action, as the man to whose memory this brief hour is given.

Mr. CHANDLER was sometimes considered harsh in his feelings toward political opponents, and notably toward a section of our common country whose people were specially identified with political principles which he rejected, and an institution which it was one of the great purposes of his life to destroy. But never beat gentler heart in the breast of woman. His blood coursed in molten tides of hate toward every appearance of wrong, and of love for every portion of his country and for all mankind. His giant form and rugged outlines were the home of one of the most magnanimous natures I ever knew. His eyes were full of tears for every form of distress; his hand was full of relief. His life is a record of unobtrusive and unselfish good deeds.

He was a radical, but a radical is the only true conservative. He had plowed deep, and he knew the fundamental principles

of things. He knew that principles never temporize, no matter what those may do who profess them; that they are exacting and inexorable, and utterly regardless of the state of the vote or the count, whether fair or false; that they cannot be waived or violated or suppressed or conciliated. He knew, and what he knew he felt, that principles will always have their day in court, and that against us or our children God will give them judgment and execution and satisfaction thereof to the uttermost farthing for their every violation. He had seen death and destruction, the fell officers of eternal justice, abroad in the land levying upon the very life of our own generation the tremendous damages which three centuries of outraged humanity had recovered against this nation, and he knew that, unless the present and future should conform absolutely to the eternal principles of right and do impartial justice to the feeblest human being within our borders, tears and woe and death will pay for it to the last fraction of our treasure and the last drop of our blood. Therefore was he stalwart; therefore did he grieve over the vanities of conciliation when he thought that principles elementary and sacred were sacrificed in the vain hope that peace would come from their violation; that God would be mocked out of his intelligence and purposes, and permit the tiniest child to be robbed of the smallest right with impunity. He felt that the nation and the statesman who temporize and tamper with principles are playing with the hottest fire of Heaven's wrath, and that there is no true conservatism which does not consist in the most radical application of immutable justice to every race and individual among men.

Mr. CHANDLER was only radical against what he understood to be wrong. He distinguished between the wrong and the wrong-doer. While he hated the former he would rescue the

latter, who is as often a victim as an aggressor. His war was upon systems and policies, not upon individuals and communities.

He was as anxious for the prosperity and happiness and as jealous of the renown of the South as of the North. He was great and broad, and would have been beloved by Washington and Madison and Jefferson and by the whole family of patriots who worshiped the principles of the great Declaration which they promulgated, and who "trembled for their country when they remembered that God was just."

It may be said of him that he was a strong partisan. This is only to praise him. The man who is not a partisan is without convictions, or if he has convictions he is false to them. That he was a bigot I deny. He was simply and sublimely true. He knew not how to prevaricate or apostatize or "keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope." In disaster and exigency, amid defection and demoralization, he became the front because he was always in the advance, and, wherever others might go, he never fell back. Nobody and nothing dismayed him. He was like a living rock on the eternal battle line between right and wrong. There he stood "fixed like a tower" for support in onset, for shelter and for rally in repulse and despair.

He was not more ultra than others, but he was more steadfast and courageously true to his cause. He only went with them to the full length of their common belief and professions—but there he staid. His action was not that of mercury in long-tubed thermometers, rising and falling with the weather of expediency, but he found the line where he belonged and he fought it out there—not only if it took all summer, but all winter and all time.

And so it was that he expired in the hour of his greatest

usefulness, while he was once more rallying the host, and the most vital political truths, as he understood them, and as the fathers of the Republic understood them, were echoing from his lips on the midnight air of the Queen City by the lakes. And still

> Their echoes roll from soul to soul
> And grow forever and forever.

His career is a rare illustration of the excellence of our institutions. It is full of hope to every struggling, brave-hearted youth who feels conscious of noble purpose and inherent power.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER was a patriot, a statesman, and an honest man. He was of God's noblest work. In such case

> 'Tis not so difficult to die.

Address of Mr. CAMERON, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I desire to add my tribute to one who for a much longer time than the majority of Senators was a member of this body. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER was four times chosen by his adopted State to represent her in the Senate. Few have been honored so frequently. This alone would be sufficient to say of him in pronouncing his eulogy, for no man need desire higher praise than to have said of him that he spent one-third of his entire life in faithful public service. That such service was rendered by Mr. CHANDLER we all know. That he was appreciated by his people, none can deny who witnessed the evidences of sadness that were portrayed upon the countenances of thousands of his constituents as the last sad rites were being paid to his memory. In all that has been said here of his patriotism, nothing has been uttered that ought not to have been, for nothing more can be said of him than he de-

served. Michigan has lost a brave, faithful, honest representative, and her people may well mourn.

I did not expect to do so, nor can I add one word to that which has been spoken that would be worthy of him. I merely desired to place my words, crude and simple as they are, alongside of those more worthy and appropriate addresses which have been placed upon the records of the Senate, in memory of one with whom I served both in the Cabinet and in the Senate, and who, in all the relations of life, both public and private, was my friend.

Address of Mr. BALDWIN, of Michigan.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is with feelings of painful sensibility that I add my tribute to what has already been uttered, and these are deeply intensified when I recall the unbroken friendship which for more than forty years existed between the late Senator CHANDLER and myself.

Born and reared amid the hills of a New England State that has given to the country many distinguished statesmen, his character largely partook of the spot of his nativity.

His educational advantages were confined to the studies of the common school and the country academy of those days. The wise and efficient use he made of them is abundantly demonstrated in the honorable record of his life.

While yet a youth, stimulated by a laudable ambition, he sought a wider, a more promising sphere than the circumscribed boundaries of his home afforded. The expanding West, with its great possibilities, beckoned him to its inviting fields. Bidding adieu to the home of his childhood, he removed to Detroit, then but little more than a military post on the frontier of civilized life. Before attaining his majority he established a mer-

cantile business, carrying into daily life those habits of industry and frugality which he had been taught and which were illustrated in all his subsequent career.

He had started in life with the unwavering determination to make no compromise of principle. In this he was as firm as the granite hills of his native State. Success was his motto; but it must be attained through industry and integrity alone. From this purpose he never swerved, and during a business life of many years, marked by the vicissitudes which are inseparable from commercial pursuits, his reputation was spotless.

Under the principles which Mr. CHANDLER brought to his daily avocations he reaped his reward, not alone in abundant wealth, but in the well-earned confidence which the people of Michigan placed in his high capability and character.

Coupled with an earnest devotion to the demands of a business steadily enlarging, he took a deep interest in the political and other questions of the day. From his boyhood he had displayed that quickness of comprehension and sterling common sense, that intuitive knowledge of men and things, which were of so great service to him in those after years when, called from the pursuits of a mercantile life, he was invested with duties and responsibilities grave and national in their character.

At an early day, and at a time when the political party with which he was identified was in a minority, he had been chosen mayor of Detroit. In this his first official position he displayed executive abilities and those qualifications needful in the exalted stations he afterward so ably filled.

Nominated in 1852 as the candidate of the whig party for governor, he made his first appearance as a political speaker in a vigorous canvass of the State, but failed of an election.

An anti-slavery whig from principle, opposed to oppression in every form, he took a prominent and efficient part in the

organization of the republican party in 1854, devoting the best energies of his after life in promoting its success.

In 1857 he was chosen by the Legislature to represent Michigan in this body. His immediate predecessor was that distinguished Senator, Cabinet minister, diplomat, and scholar, General Lewis Cass. Called as Mr. CHANDLER was from an active commercial life without previous training, to take the place of this eminent man, whose long life had been spent in the public service, there were those who doubted his success, but those doubts were speedily dispelled. In the Senate Chamber, as in every station he was called upon to fill, he never failed to prove himself equal to the duties which devolved upon him.

It is not needful for me to speak particularly of his career in the Senate, of the conspicuous position he occupied, and the influence he exerted in this body. That has already been done by his associates who so well knew and appreciated the excellence of his judgment and the earnestness with which his duties were discharged. But I may say that the eighteen years of his continuous service was the most eventful period in the history of the country. The stability of the Constitution and the very existence of the Government were put to their severest test. An irrepressible conflict existed in the national Legislature and throughout the land; the sovereignty of the Union was threatened. During the dark years of civil war which followed, the unceasing earnestness with which all his powers were devoted to sustain the administration in its efforts for the preservation of the Republic are too well known, too deeply engraved in the hearts of the people, to need more than a passing notice. In all these hours of gloom and sorrow, in all the vicissitudes of victory and defeat, in all the demands that were made on the blood, the treasure, and the patriotism of the peo-

ple, he never faltered in his convictions of duty, or of the triumph of the flag, and the full restoration of the power and unity of the Government.

There is one thing in the senatorial career of Mr. CHANDLER to which *I* may refer. While he was identified with all the leading measures of Congress, he was untiring in his devotion to the interests of Michigan and the great Northwest. His promptness in aiding the citizens of his State without distinction of creed or party was proverbial. His zeal and fidelity in this particular were as broad as the Commonwealth that had so gladly honored him. It was this which added so largely to his popularity at home; and his warmest friends were found alike in all parties.

Called by President Grant to the Secretaryship of the Interior, he assumed the duties of this perplexing bureau, displaying a tact, an energy, and an executive ability that surprised even those who knew him best. With clear head and stout heart, prevailing evils were stamped out with unfaltering courage. With an unswerving purpose he brought order out of confusion, infusing new life into the various branches of the Department, and clearly demonstrated that the public service can be successfully accomplished by bringing to its aid unflinching integrity and vigorous common sense.

At the close of the administration of President Grant, Mr. CHANDLER returned to his home and to private life. Popular fallacies upon the subject of the currency had been widely disseminated; Michigan was not exempt from the contagion. These were to be met with argument and the delusions dispelled. It was then that he relinquished his plans for recreation and an anticipated foreign trip, and again buckling on his armor with his accustomed energy, he led the van in a decisive and victorious battle for honest money.

There are but few leaders of men; Mr. CHANDLER was clearly one of the few. For more than a quarter of a century he had been a faithful servant of the people. In 1878 he was again returned to the Senate, and he brought with him the same unceasing devotion to his State and his country that had ever characterized his public life. His voice again heard in the Senate Chamber had no uncertain sound, and was echoed to the ends of the land.

During the autumnal months of the year which has just closed, Mr. CHANDLER was almost constantly occupied in addressing large assemblies of the people, in various sections of the country, on the political topics of the day. In arousing and retaining the interest of an audience, few men possess his magnetic power. In these his later efforts he seemed to display new energy and power, achieving a remarkable reputation as a most effective public speaker. His fame and his popularity were at their zenith. Had his life been spared, it is more than probable that the representatives from the State he had so long and so faithfully served would, with one voice, have presented his name as their first choice for the most exalted position in the gift of the people.

On the evening of the last day of October he addressed the people of Chicago. And never had he spoken more acceptably. Making his arrangements to return to his home the next day, he retired to his room, and, after pleasant converse with friends, at the midnight hour he lay down to rest. It was that peaceful rest which shall remain unbroken until the archangel's trump shall be heard at the great day.

I need not speak particularly of Mr. CHANDLER'S domestic life, or of his warm attachment to those who made up his home circle. We have to speak of him as a friend, a citizen, a public man. Strong in his convictions, stalwart in his opinions, and

fearless in their avowal, there was no bitterness in his nature: all his tendencies were to the genial side of life.

Friend of my youth, companion of my manhood and of my maturer years, farewell! Strong in the defense of right, true in friendship, and unsullied in integrity, may we who yet linger be imitators of those traits which ennobled your life and have engraved your name upon the imperishable pages of your country's history.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the pending resolutions.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and (at two o'clock and forty-six minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF ZACHARIAH CHANDLER,

A SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN.

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1880.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. BURCH, its Secretary, communicated the resolutions of that body upon the announcement of the death of Hon. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Michigan; which were read, as follows:

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
January 28, 1880.

Resolved, That the Senate received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Michigan, and for nearly nineteen years a member of this body.

Resolved, That, to express some estimate held of his eminent services in a long public career, rendered conspicuous by fearless, patriotic devotion, the business of the Senate be now suspended, that the associates of the departed Senator may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That the loss of the country, sustained in the death of Mr. CHANDLER, was manifest by expressions of public sorrow through the land.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect for the memory of the dead Senator, the members of the Senate will wear crape upon the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. CONGER. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, late a United States Senator from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That business be now suspended to allow fitting tributes to be paid to his public and private virtues; and that, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House at the close of such remarks shall adjourn.

Address of Mr. NEWBERRY, of Michigan.

Mr. SPEAKER: For over twenty years the name of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER has been a household word in the State of Michigan. His business, social, private, public, and political life belongs solely to and is a part of the history of that State. He was born December 10, 1813, in New Hampshire, in sight of the granite hills of New England and came to Michigan in 1833, before he became of age. Soon after his arrival in Michigan he engaged in mercantile business, and laid the foundation of his great fortune, showing the same careful, untiring energy, foresight and straightforward integrity and honesty that followed him through life. While thus engaged in active business, with quiet, persistent and unflagging assiduity, he acquired that knowledge of men and books that became in his after life a surprise even to his best friends. Constantly employed by day in the busy marts of trade and commerce, clear-headed and keen, he attended to his constantly increasing

business. Busy hours over, the book and the library gave him their richest treasures.

Blessed with a home and fireside where one of the best and noblest of women was ever ready to welcome him and brighten his life, whose domestic charm of manner was only surpassed by the winning grace always shown in receiving the welcome friends of her husband, his life in early manhood was passed without a thought, as I believe, of a public career.

My own first and earliest recollections of him were when, as a boy, I was placed in his class in the Sabbath school of the First Presbyterian church of the city of Detroit. He was then one of the active young men of that church, earnestly engaged in all church-work.

He took no active part in political life until 1851, when he was elected mayor of Detroit. In 1857 he was elected Senator in place of General Lewis Cass, re-elected in 1863, and again in 1869. He was Senator continuously from 1857 to 1875, eighteen years. He was appointed Secretary of the Interior in October, 1875, and again elected to the Senate in 1879. During his senatorial terms occurred some of the most memorable events in the history of this nation.

Looking back now, it is easy to see how, step by step, the United States was gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the most tremendous struggle of ancient or modern times, to that crime of crimes, a civil war. In all the events that go to make up the history of those years, Mr. CHANDLER was one of the living, energetic actors.

The gradual extension of slave territory in the United States was arousing the attention, the crimes perpetrated under the code of slavery were raising to the pitch of horror the religious and moral sentiment, not only of the people of the United States, but of the world. The Kansas civil war was swelling

and raising its portentous head on the western frontier. Old John Brown and his hardy sharpshooters in Kansas were educating themselves and the nation to a hatred of slavery and the extension of slave territory. Free speech, free territory, and free men was being raised as the war-cry of a great political uprising. After events showed that Mr. CHANDLER had given these matters close attention.

There was filibustering in Cuba and in Nicaragua by the South in hopes of making slave States to offset the rapid growth of the free States of the Northwest. Threats of resistance and secession were openly made by the South. The crack of the slave-whip was heard even in Congress over the heads of independent men from the North. The doctrine that any citizen with his slaves had a right to enter upon any territory of the United States and retain his slaves, called squatter sovereignty, was convulsing the land. The atrocious Lecompton act was passed. The fugitive-slave law, with all its attendant horrors, was being enforced, and Northern States passed acts to protect the liberty of their colored citizens.

Like a flash of lightning from a clear sky came the attack of John Brown and his army of ten or fifteen men on Harper's Ferry, in Virginia; and the whole South was thrown into a paroxysm of terror through fear of a servile war.

Upon all these subjects Mr. CHANDLER had given his views to the nation in the Senate.

The democratic convention at Charleston followed in May, 1860. The war of factions—the South against the North—was the fatal wedge that then and there disrupted the old democratic party. Substantially the opening gun of the rebellion was fired by that convention, and its echoes have never ceased to reverberate to this day in the democratic party. From that fatal day in Charleston events rapidly hastened to war, actual

war. Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and traitorous hands were busy, traitorous hearts were plotting, to betray, break down, and destroy this Government.

A Secretary of the Treasury utterly uprooted the credit of the Government and substantially made it a bankrupt. A Secretary of War sold its cannon and guns and shipped them to southern arsenals, and sent its effective Army to out-of-the-way places on the distant frontier. A Secretary of the Navy sold our ships and naval stores and ammunition, sent loyal officers to sea in rotten, unseaworthy hulks, and scattered the serviceable ships and vessels to our most distant stations. An Attorney-General advised the President that he could not use force against a State. A Chief Justice refused to issue warrants to arrest traitors. Every Department was demoralized or in traitorous hands.

Lincoln was inaugurated, and then came the first gun of actual war at Sumter.

Through all these stormy scenes CHANDLER was ever and always watchful, ready, alert, brave, and outspoken.

In the debates and stormy scenes of the Senate he took his full share both of responsibility and debate. Long before his "blood-letting letter" he had warned the southern Senators that their actions meant, for them, revolution or a halter. He denounced the Lecompton act, the fugitive-slave bill, and the prosecutions under it. His painting of the Kansas horrors, burnings, whippings, and tortures of men and women who dared advocate free speech and free Territories for freemen, will stand with the tremendous philippics of the old Greek and Roman orators and statesmen. But time will fail me to enumerate all his labors.

During the civil war and the years of reconstruction following, his great business experience, his grand executive ability,

his almost prophetic foresight, his extraordinary sagacity and wisdom in the conduct of affairs brought him to the front.

His judgment in regard to one of the noted generals in command of the Army of the Potomac showed his wonderful sagacity and decision of character, and the strong reliance he had upon the great under-currents of popular opinion and wisdom to justify his action. He denounced this general, and in the most positive manner charged him with failure as a military commander and as utterly incompetent to conduct successfully a great campaign. This charge, made and substantially proved in the Senate and before the country, resulted in a change of commanders of the Union Army, and, as a further result, final victory. It was sought subsequently to reverse this decision by an appeal to the people of the country in a presidential campaign, but the result showed that CHANDLER was right, and his action, as proper and patriotic, was triumphantly vindicated by the nation, and the removed general became the defeated presidential candidate.

With the close of the war came another class of legislation, and here, as everywhere else, CHANDLER'S clear-headed business experience and ready facility of grasping details and grouping principles and reaching successfully the end came into play. There were reconstruction acts and financial acts of stupendous magnitude to be considered, revenues in unheard-of amounts to be collected, taxation to be adjusted, and amounts to be raised that staggered the most sanguine; a nation of freedmen to be raised to the standard of citizens, a race of slaves to be educated to understand the rights and duties and obligations of freemen; banking and loan acts, legal-tender and currency acts; treaties to be renewed; new relations with foreign nations to be entered into, old relations to be strengthened; international and constitu-

tional questions, new and old, arising out of a war unheard of in its magnitude and astounding as to its results, to be settled; wounded soldiers to be cared for; an army to be disbanded; the Southern States to be rehabilitated; amendments of the Constitution to be adjusted to the changed condition of the people; in a word, the autonomy of the nation was to be re-established. All these and a thousand other subjects had to be and were considered by him apparently with equal ease, and the proceedings of the Senate will show his participation from day to day in them all.

The great men whose names are linked with the history of the civil war and the rehabilitation of the nation are fast passing away. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Stanton, Greeley, Wilson, Sumner, Morton, and now ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, have vanished from the scenes, and in all the records of history and the memories of those still remaining must rest their glorious fame.

From Senator CHANDLER'S first entrance into public life he was always the vigorous, rapid, sledge-hammer dealer of telling blows—no fears or quaking as to results. When the blow was delivered it was straight from the shoulder, vigorous and effective, delivered because he believed it necessary, and without thinking of the tremendous effect of the stroke.

To the looker-on often the effect was not immediately apparent; it did not seem much of a blow; but the next day, the next week, the next month the effect would be manifest. Men would be talking of his power; and a little speech of ten minutes would be printed in every newspaper, talked of on every corner, read at every fireside, in the city, in the country, on the mountain, in the valley, on the plain, in the palace, down among the miners, up among the woodmen, in the drawing-room of the swift-rolling express train, in the forecastle of

the fast-speeding ocean steamer, in the pulpit, in the pew, on the rostrum, on the stage, rousing the laggard, encouraging the timid, emboldening the brave, nerving the patriotic, striking terror to the traitor.

One element of his power was in his use of clear Anglo-Saxon words, meaning exactly what he said and saying exactly what he meant, and doing it so clearly that each hearer knew he was but crystallizing into thought and expression the exact floating idea in his own mind in the words that ought to be used.

He had a masterly way of using plain words for plain people, with plain meaning. He used no tricks of rhetoric, no flowers of speech, no studied expression, no graceful gesture. They would have been utterly out of place with him. But his facts would be true and telling—his speech rough-hewed but strong, his gestures ungainly but powerful. He was listened to by his friends because of their love; listened to by his enemies because his power compelled their attention. Warm, positive, and magnetic to his friends, he was stern, unyielding, aggressive in the presence of his enemies; always, however, battling for the right as he believed it. Firm and steadfast in his convictions, with him the contest must go on until he was victorious.

As he was always ready to give blows, so he could receive them.

The story is told of him, that amid the exciting scenes preceding the withdrawal of senatorial traitors in 1861, when some of them, goaded to madness by his merciless accusation of traitors, turned, and with fiery southern eloquence hurled stinging epithets and bloody threats and words of frenzied fury at him, he sat with a smile of scorn and derision, looking them steadily in the face, as though he heard them not but pitied

their agonized emotions. Afterward, on being asked why he did not reply, he said, "Let me tell you a story." Holding his hands in front of him with his two thumbs together, he said, "Do you see, one of my thumbs is shorter than the other, twisted and broken. Well, once driving a yoke of oxen in my younger days, I got very mad at one of them, and raved and tore around considerably, and finally as the ox did not seem to care much about it, in my rage I struck him as hard as possible with my fist, thinking to break a rib at least. The sturdy old ox shifted his cud from one side to the other, looked around at me very quietly, whisked his tail gently, as though a fly was tickling him—while I was just howling with a broken thumb. So," the Senator concluded, "it often happens that the man who supposes he is giving some one else a stunning blow finds he has only broken his own thumb."

When Mr. CHANDLER first appeared in the national political arena in 1856 he announced himself as a candidate for Senator. General Cass, whose term was about to expire, looked at the audacious young man with undisguised disdain, and was not slow to express his contempt for the "young man who," he said, "might know how to measure calico and tape, sell needles and thread, but was not fit to take *his* place in the council of the nation," and added, "we will remit him to his counter." One can imagine the expression of countenance with which, in language more strong than polite, young CHANDLER replied, "General Cass will find that he spelled his own name without a C when he made that remark." From that moment there was, on the part of the coming Senator, constant, steady, hard work to one end, and when the Legislature assembled Mr. CHANDLER was elected and General Cass relegated to private life.

In character and in person Mr. CHANDLER was like a granite

block struck from the rugged mountains of his native State; rough-hewn, with jagged corners here and there, but solid, strong. His power of resistance to wrong or injustice, whenever or whence it might come, his capability of sustaining any load, his power to carry and readiness to assume any responsibility made necessary by his position, was that of the granite rock always. His public life contains no instance of failure. Friends and patriots could unhesitatingly rely upon his help, assistance, and counsels to sustain the nation and its defenders. Enemies and traitors to his last day could rest assured that he was watchful and ready to interfere between them and injury or insult to the nation or the soldiers of the Union. To him traitors were a concrete, ever-present reality, not an abstract, far-away entity. The definition of treason in the Constitution of his country had a personal, pointed application to individuals. Its clear-cut definition, "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort," his mind instantly applied personally, and a citizen of the United States who made war against his own country was a traitor, not an "erring brother," or one who had only been engaged in "some unpleasantness." An unrepentant rebel was a traitor ever and always.

Yet, no one was more ready than he to receive heartily any one desirous of returning to his allegiance to his flag and his country.

The great leader of the rebellion, who, with the oath of allegiance almost warm upon his lips, went out from the Senate of the United States, where he had given his pledge of loyalty to the Government, ay, his own Government, freely and voluntarily, with hand upraised to heaven, and calling God to witness his truth, to levy war against the United States, which

act the Constitution had declared treason, was to him a traitor, whose name should never be enrolled on the roll of honor—the pension-roll of the patriotic, loyal, maimed, and wounded soldiers of the Union Army. CHANDLER'S last speech in the Senate went to the hearts of his countrymen, and will live with those of the distinguished orators and patriots of the early days of the Republic.

That there was one man, at least, in the Senate of the United States who dared to lift an indignant voice for patriots and patriotism, and against traitors and treason, gladdened the hearts and strengthened the hands of millions of citizens. The distinction between right and wrong, between loyal citizens and rebels, between patriots and traitors, seemed to be fast dying out, till a few burning words, in a midnight session, forced out of his inmost heart by insulting wrong, went like a zigzag stroke of lightning through the wordy sophisms, and revealed to an indignant people the insult that was being attempted to land, country, flag, and all the patriotic impulses of the nation.

It is said that the eagle, when the storm arises, the lightnings flash, and thunders roll, and heavy winds and black portentous clouds are rushing through the heavens, spreads his broad wings and soars above the storm. Thus it was with our dead friend. When peril threatened the country, when disaster spread ruin and desolation, when men's hearts failed from fear, CHANDLER rose above the storm, scanned the ruin, the disaster, the peril and dismay, grasped the situation, mastered it in all its details, and calmly and quietly led the way to safety.

He was a born commander and leader of men—a power that would and could and did overcome all obstacles. In the calm or in the storm, in the whirlwind or in the tempest, always and ever self-poised, cool, daring, positive, ready for action. He

was not the light-house to show others the way; he was the daring navigator who, when the light went out and rocks on either hand, could seize the helm and convey the ship safely into port.

Rarely has this country been so thoroughly shocked as it was on the morning of November 1, 1879, when the lightning flashed through the land—

Senator CHANDLER was found dead in his bed this morning.

The air had been full of his utterances; the papers loaded with the closing speeches of this honest-hearted, earnest-minded old man in the campaign then ending. His last speech but one was made, and the flash, "he is dead," came with the stunning effect of a blow.

Never so well known, never so earnest, never so admired and loved and appreciated by his friends; never so powerful against, hated, and feared by his enemies; but with harness on, his steady, manly voice ringing in the ears of his countrymen, he went down as the warrior in the shock of battle; ay, and at the very moment of anticipated victory, although the shout of actual victory he was never again to hear in this world.

Farewell to thee! illustrious statesman, with a lion's heart!
Farewell to thee! uncompromising patriot, with a true soul!
Farewell to thee! indefatigable worker, with an iron frame!
Farewell to thee! undaunted friend, with a faithful breast!
Farewell to thee! loyal citizen, with patriotic impulses!
Farewell to thee! stalwart politician, intrepid counselor,
Fearless adviser, genial companion!
We mourn for thee! A Senator without reproach;
A man without stain;
A soul above suspicion.

"The air is thick with death. His flying shafts
Strike down to-day the bravest in the land;
And here and there, how suddenly he wafts
His fatal arrows! Nor can long withstand
The mailed warrior, or the statesman manned,
Against him. But why should he hasten on
* * * * to strike one down
Just in the zenith of his strength and glory of renown!

"CHANDLER! above thy grave we bow in tears!
The generous friend, the unrelenting foe,
In halls of state who stood for many years,
Like fabled knight, thy visage all aglow!
Receiving, giving sternly, blow for blow!
* * * * * * *
"Champion of right! But from eternity's far shore
Thy spirit will return to join the strife no more.
Rest, statesman, rest! Thy troubled life is o'er."

Address of Mr. WILLIAMS, of Wisconsin.

Mr. SPEAKER: The largest tree in the forest sometimes breaks the stillness of the day by the suddenness of its fall: so ZACHARIAH CHANDLER startled a continent when he went down to death! Thirty-six hours before he died he was the guest of my own city. He spoke there, both in the afternoon and evening, each time to a large concourse of people. He retired at twelve o'clock, and rested well through the night.

Many of our citizens bade him good-bye at the early train for Chicago; and little did they think as the cars rolled out into the light of that beautiful morning that it was the last he was ever to behold on earth! Yet so it was, for within twenty-one hours thereafter he was dead.

I think only those who saw him during these last hours of his life could realize the suddenness of his death. Though the grim messenger walked beside him, no shadow fell upon his pathway. His thoughts were all of life; he could scarcely have been thinking of the possibilities of death; his every act and energy was devoted to the work before him; he talked of nothing else, and apparently he thought of nothing else.

He was the *avant courier* of republicanism. His voice had rung out from Maine to Wisconsin. He had moved the people by the potency of his presence and the earnestness of his ap-

peals. He believed that national destiny itself trembled in the balance, and he imparted this belief to the masses wherever he went, for they knew that his heart was in his work and his convictions were in his words.

Amid scenes like these it could hardly have been possible that he had a thought of what was to come. He could scarcely have dreamed that while yet the plaudits of thousands were ringing in his ears he was to meet, in the heart of that great city, in the dead hour of the night, in the silent loneliness of his room, that dread messenger, who gave no warning and accepted no delay; yet so it was, for he awoke only from the sleep of life to sink back again in the sleep of death.

No, Mr. Speaker, none but those who remember the earnest manner and pathetic voice with which he besought the chairman of each successive meeting to telegraph him at Detroit on the night of the election the result of the contest can realize the overmastering interest which had taken possession of him. The news he so longed to hear did indeed flash along the wires, but whether it died out in the darkness of that shoreless sea, or whether it penetrated the mystic regions of the great beyond, no word ever comes back to tell us.

We who speak of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER here to-day must speak of him as he was, for he never feared to speak for himself. And his words will be cherished and remembered when ours are lost and forgotten. No flowers of rhetoric, no high-wrought historic parallels, no half-drawn apologies for what he was or what he did, will do for him.

He was a plain, blunt man. He was combative, he was aggressive, and in what he believed to be right he was relentless. He was a man of the people, he was a friend of the poor, he loved liberty, he hated oppression, he abhorred treason, and he detested hypocrisy. He was a partisan, he was a patriot, he was a hero!

Like the oak he resembled, he was reared in storms and rocked in tempests. Strong and massive in body, he was stronger in will; firm in principles, he was formidable in argument; quick to see the salient points of a question, he brought his broad common sense to bear upon it, and not infrequently by a single sally he broke through and demolished a whole battle-line of sophistry. Who can ever forget the expression of that face, or the instantaneous effect produced upon thousands, when from the rostrum he put that one question:

> If this is not a government, what did the rebels surrender to at Appomattox? I tell you, my friends, they surrendered to the Government of the United States of America!

Or when, on that memorable night, in the Senate of the United States he made that terrific onslaught which startled both sides of the Chamber and roused the whole country, what member even of the opposition who did not feel the force of what he said? In the language of Mr. Webster, it was one of those outbursts of passion and power which, if they come at all, come "like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force!"

This was the secret of Mr. CHANDLER'S power. His methods were clear and practical, his reasoning synthetic, and his attacks spontaneous and irresistible. While others were examining the bricks and mortar in the structure, and carefully calculating the resistance to be overcome, he selected his point of attack, and with a crowbar and sledge breached the walls, and carried the citadel by storm.

Savants and philosophers may style these methods crude and Western, but while the names of Douglas, Morton, and CHANDLER live the people will believe them to possess an innate force which all the learning of the schools cannot give.

The opinion is often expressed that certain very good and competent men are holding back a political millennium by their persistent refusal to accept office and enter upon public life. Somebody has ungraciously said of such, that they were made up of two parts of selfishness and two of timidity. I know not how the fact may be, but if it be true, ZACHARIAH CHANDLER did not belong to this class. He never took counsel either of his selfishness or his fears. He was not possessed of that happy temperament which enabled him to stand quietly by while aggressive wrong was crushing out defenseless right.

By the very nature of his make-up, he was forced to enter the arena. And thus he met all the malignity, denunciation, and abuse which ever come to the earnest, the faithful, and the true. Yet nothing could dissuade him. The critical might carp, the mediocre patronize, and the malign scoff and deride, but all the pigmies of earth and sky could not stay the dauntless old hero in the work he had marked out for himself. To such a man the holding of civil office was the merest incident in the world; for whether in public or private life he was the natural defender of the people.

That Mr. CHANDLER was intense and bitter, that he sometimes wrongly suspicioned the motives and acts of others, is only to say that he belonged to the class of positive men; but that under it all there was a broad and generous sincerity and a heart as tender as a child's none who knew him need to be told. He was, indeed, in earnest; but if any supposed his earnestness took on only the cold malignity of hate, they studied his character to but little purpose. I could only claim to know him as we all knew him here, yet I do not care to be told that he was moved by other than the loftiest and purest motives.

Only the night but one before he died, in my own house, in common with others, I saw that firm lip quiver and those stern eyes moisten as he recounted the measureless wrongs which had been visited upon the poor freedmen of the South; and I believe mortal man was never actuated by higher or holier motives than he when he swore by the God that made him that he would never bate one jot nor tittle of effort until these monstrous wrongs should be righted.

I allude to these things here in no partisan spirit, for that should be banished from these halls to-day; but I speak of them only to be just to him in his grave, as he was just and fearless before all the world. And I feel sure that could he have left any injunction behind, it would have been: "If you speak of me at all, in the language of sacred song, speak of me—

Just as I am."

Burke I think it was who said that true sentiment was the logic of common sense. Such, I think, was the sentiment of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER. It was plain, practical, and direct.

No more touching provisions can be found in the wills of public men than in those of Thaddeus Stevens and Mr. CHANDLER. While the former made no provision for the care of his own grave, he set aside a sum of money and directed that the "sexton keep his mother's grave in good order, and plant roses and other cheerful flowers at its four corners every spring."

So Mr. CHANDLER, with just words enough to express his meaning, said, in effect, to his wife and daughter, "You are my only heirs; as you have loved and trusted me, so I love and confide in you. I lay my fortune at your feet, and that you may be unfettered in its enjoyment and use, I relieve it from any word coming back from the grave."

Could affection be more tender? Could confidence be more complete? Where shall the well-springs of the human heart be better studied than in the wills of these two remarkable men?

Impartial history will assign Mr. CHANDLER his proper place in the ranks of America's public men. We cannot do that here to-day. It may, however, be safely said that if Seward, Chase, and Sumner might draft the plans for the fabric of freedom, Wade, Stevens, and CHANDLER might lay its foundations and lift its walls to completion. Noble trio! How fiercely they wrought; how well they triumphed.

The last of them now sleeps on the banks of the river he loved so fondly. And to-day Wisconsin comes with her foster-mother, Michigan, to lay a garland upon his grave. He loved to tell us that the boundaries of his own county of Wayne once embraced both our States. Representatives of Michigan, your loss is our loss; and over our common calamity a nation grieves to-day. We come to mingle our tears with yours, and to utter the fervent prayer that he who sleeps so near your metropolis may rest in peace so long as that city shall stand—yea, so long as the waters that roll by it flow outward to the sea.

Address of Mr. HUBBELL, of Michigan.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is said that "death loves a shining mark, a signal blow." Than in ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, whose death to-day we mourn in common with the whole patriotic people of the nation, the "fell sergeant" has had few more brilliant marks, has struck few nobler lives, and the Republic has had to mourn no more useful citizen, no more upright or purer patriot.

Mr. CHANDLER was a native of New England. He was born at Bedford, in the State of New Hampshire, December 10, 1813; in the State which gave birth to and molded the character of Daniel Webster; in the land of strong convictions, of sterling integrity, of uncompromising patriotism, and inflexible devotion to freedom. Here in his native State, building up a vigorous frame and robust health among its granite hills—here amid its noble associations and grand institutions of learning; amid a people rejoicing in their revolutionary history—in its perils and privations and its glories and triumphs—loving freedom and hating oppression, ZACHARIAH CHANDLER imbibed those rigid principles of justice, that invincible love of freedom and of country, that incorruptible integrity which he transplanted in his new home in the then "far West," and which distinguished every act of his public life, and in support of which he died literally in harness.

In his home in Michigan, the State of his adoption, these sterling qualities were combined with and regulated by an intelligence and sagacity so rarely at fault as to enable him to amass an ample fortune, place him at the head of the business men of the State, and soon point him out as a man of mark, as a man of rare and genuine merit, of great force of character, of intrepid courage and sterling worth, and won for him the respect, confidence, and enduring love of its people.

No man was ever trusted in public or private life as was ZACHARIAH CHANDLER by the people of Michigan, and no man ever ended a public career against whose integrity less could be said.

No position in their gift, however high or responsible, no honor, however great, was too high for his merits or too great for their love. Thus in 1851 he was mayor of Detroit; in

1852 the whig candidate for governor; in 1857, a Senator of the United States; in 1863, re-elected as Senator; in 1869, again re-elected; and again in 1879. In 1875 he was given by President Grant the portfolio of the Interior. In every trust he acquitted himself honorably, fearlessly, ably, and returned it impressed with the marks of his genius.

In nothing, indeed, was Mr. CHANDLER an ordinary man. As a husband and a father and a friend, ever faithful, trusting, and true, his great, manly heart delighted in exhibitions of the tenderest devotion. He never abandoned a friend, and was ever truest and most devoted to him in the hour of his misfortune or trials. He was not a place-seeker nor a time-server; but he was a lover of his country and a hater of its enemies, and always filled to the measure the place he occupied; and being a man of strong convictions and dauntless courage the enemies of his country always felt his presence, and were never spared his bitterest invectives.

Mr. Speaker, I knew Mr. CHANDLER intimately. He was to me a "friend, philosopher, and guide," and I should be unjust to his memory did I not speak of him as he was—a man who always acted his honest convictions without regard to or fear of the consequences.

As a Cabinet minister, with the portfolio of the most complicated and troublesome Department of the Government, noted for its intrigues and scandals, the Interior, with its important divisions and the intricate and delicate character of many of their important duties very difficult to comprehend and to intelligently manage, and rendered doubly so by outside combinations for the promotion of private advantage and fraud—in that responsible and difficult trust, his masterly executive ability, his great common sense, his disciplined business habits, his integrity, his wonderful industry, his intuitive

knowledge of men and their motives, and his great courage and nerve rendered his administration such a marked success that his able and accomplished successor publicly admitted that his ambition was to leave the Department in as good shape as he received it. He never parleyed with men whom he believed to be dishonest. To illustrate his blunt and direct methods, pardon an anecdote: Soon after he took charge of the Interior Department, I met him here in Washington and the usual salutations had hardly passed between us when he said: "I have been reforming in the Interior Department to-day." And in reply to my query as to what he had done he replied: "I have emptied one large room and left it in charge of a colored porter, who has the key, who cannot read or write, and who is instructed to allow no one to enter it without my orders, and I am under the impression that the public interests are safe so far as that room and its business are concerned until I can find some honest men to put into it." A further conversation developed the fact that by plain business methods he had collected his proofs, and thus armed he could only deal a deadly blow. Thus early he mastered all the intricate and difficult details of the service; early he clearly comprehended its needs and vigorously and laboriously applied himself to their practical accomplishment. In short, he established order where chaos previously ruled, reorganized details, secured efficiency, and effected a due responsibility in all the branches of the service.

Honest himself, he tolerated no doubtful practices, no improper relations in the Department. Fraud vanished at his touch. Incompetency and imbecility met their reward, and he transmitted the portfolio to his successor with the Department purged of many injurious scandals, and the service, in all its details, greatly simplified and improved.

As a Senator, Rome, in the days of her highest virtue and greatest strength, had none nobler, purer, or more fearless. Entering the Senate during the stormy debates and violent struggles of the sections on the question of slavery, Mr. CHANDLER stepped at once to the front as a recognized and trusted leader on the side of freedom. The times were full of peril, and terribly tested all the metal in men's souls. But during that struggle, in debate, from 1857 until 1860, carried on on the one side by patriotic, liberty-loving men, who hated slavery and antagonized it because they dreaded its extension, and on the other by men who worshiped slavery, were bound to extend and perpetuate it or destroy the common government inherited from the fathers, who recognized the code, and under its bloody rules tried to intimidate the representatives of the people from the Northern States in the discharge of their duties, no man ever did or will say that ZACHARIAH CHANDLER ever faltered in the discharge of his duty as he saw it. He abhorred the code, condemned alike by the laws of man and of God, yet while in the discharge of his public trusts it had no terrors for him, and never caused him for a moment to falter in the full and complete performance of his duties.

It is not my purpose here to enter into that memorable debate upon the question of slavery and the rights of the States which preceded and culminated in the war of the rebellion, more than to say that Mr. CHANDLER'S sagacity readily penetrated the designs of the southern leaders, readily saw that slavery was only a means to the consummation of their purpose—the disruption of the Union. Indignantly and vehemently he raised his voice in exposure of this traitorous plot. He was "no orator as Brutus" was. He apparently despised all mere ornaments of speech, but in his vigorous, terse En-

glish he left no doubt as to his meaning and purpose. And thus he fearlessly labored everywhere and on all occasions to arouse the country to a sense of the impending danger, and to prepare it for a conflict of arms in support of the Union. He had no faith in compromise, but felt that the inevitable and deadly conflict must come, and tried to prepare his countrymen for it. The events which rapidly followed demonstrated the wisdom as they did the justice of his conclusions and his course. The rebellion came upon us with its appalling sacrifices and sufferings and awfully vindicated his sagacity and the justice of his charges against the southern leaders.

Great names and great men, so called, unless distinguished by worth and patriotic motives and corresponding actions, received from him no homage. His country to him was all in all. Every patriotic man he claimed as a friend, and to every patriot, to all patriots, of every grade or character, if their sincerity were demonstrated by works, he yielded his whole support, all his weight and influence.

But the man who laid himself down in the pathway of his country's honor and glory, the man who, whether from imbecility or design, obstructed or impeded his country's triumphant march to victory, to perfect and permanent peace, to that man ZACHARIAH CHANDLER was an inflexible foe, and to him he fearlessly proclaimed his hostility.

As a member of the Committee on the Conduct of the War he was active, terribly in earnest, and untiring in industry, and rendered to the nation the most important services. No name, however high, baffled his inquiries or escaped his judgment.

Notwithstanding he had regarded McClellan's appointment as wise and judicious, yet, for reasons already made a part of our country's history, he boldly arraigned him in the face of

the country, in the teeth of his great popularity and the great power he wielded in command of the armies, as utterly incompetent for the weighty duties of his high position, and demanded his removal, as justified by the highest reasons of expediency and the loftiest motives of patriotism.

Believing that Pope, at second Bull Run, was sacrificed by Fitz-John Porter, and that our loss of life and disaster at that battle was caused by Porter's insubordination, he boldly denounced him as a traitor to his country and demanded his trial and punishment.

Against all men whom he believed to be untrue to his country in her hour of peril, his great patriotic heart instinctively rebelled, and they were made the victims of his terrible denunciations.

The war of the rebellion ended, Mr. CHANDLER took a prominent part in that legislation which reconstructed the States in rebellion and gave them representation in the halls of Congress, and here as elsewhere his career was marked by the same distinguishing traits of character.

Coming into the Senate again in 1878, he immediately stepped to the front and the country knew that plain, honest old ZACH. CHANDLER, as they loved to call him, was again in his seat, and the democratic party, which he never loved, was made painfully aware of his presence. Stripping the guise of flimsy pretexts from off the reasons actuating the men who forced the extra session, he sounded the key-note of alarm—the bugle-call of the campaign of 1879, in which he labored day and night, closing his great work in one of the ablest and grandest speeches of his life in the Garden City of America, where, ere the dawn of day succeeded his great effort, he died. The life of a great, earnest, honest, and broad-souled man went silently out with the watches of the night,

and in his death the Republic mourns an upright and useful citizen, a noble Senator, a peerless patriot, and humanity an abiding friend. Apparently in robust health, in the vigorous exercise of all his great faculties, peacefully and serenely, without a struggle and free from pain, his noble spirit sank into the "blind cave of eternal night," passed triumphantly from the active scenes and duties of worldly life to the judgment-seat of his God.

> Thus yields the cedar to the ax's edge,
> Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
> Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
> Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
> And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

But, though dead, he is not forgotten. In every patriot's home, in the home of every friend of humanity, of every friend of freedom and free institutions, his name will long be cherished with endearing pride, and history in recording his actions, in reviewing his services to his country and to mankind, and in its judgment of his character, will as surely rank him high among the good and great men of his times.

Peace to his ashes.

Address of Mr. CRAPO, of Massachusetts.

Mr. SPEAKER: The life of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER is a marked illustration of that character which is developed by our American institutions and which is distinctly American. In no other country and under no other system of society and laws do we look for the manifestation of such individual growth and power. Starting from the humble surroundings of a New England farm, with the limited advantages of a plain and simple country home, with the training of the un-

pretending fireside and village school, he emerges into self-reliant manhood. Then follow the struggles of life amid the activities and hardships of a western settlement; the competitions of business, bringing substantial rewards; the contests for higher position, while holding securely the advances made; the reaching out for wider influence and greater mastery over the thoughts and acts of men; and, finally, the control and power which made him a recognized leader and a mighty force in the land. With no external advantages to aid him, he overcame obstacles and conquered opposition and secured for himself commanding position and influence. He was conscious of his own inherent strength; he knew that he lived in a country full of opportunities to the earnest and faithful man; and he realized that in this free land men have equal right to place and wealth and power if they have will and strength to win them. He asked no odds and he accepted no gifts. What he was and what he possessed came as the result and reward of his own personal efforts. He did not drift into high positions, but earned them by sheer exertion and force of character. His history is the record of a successful man, and we can find few more impressive examples, even in this country which is so full of personal achievements.

In private life Mr. CHANDLER was bluff, hearty, and sincere. He was outspoken with the candor of positive truth. He did not conceal his admiration of one whom he liked, and he was equally open in the expression of disapprobation of one he disliked. He was frank and generous in his approval, and he was equally free and severe in his condemnation. There was an integrity in his friendship and an earnestness in his recognition of friends which endeared him to those who knew him intimately.

The personal qualities which marked his private intercourse

were still more conspicuous in his public life. There was always the same positiveness of manner and speech. His large frame, his vigorous health, and commanding presence were not more remarkable than the robustness of his mind, his stout heart, his stalwart courage, and resistless energy.

His political opinions were formed during the controversies of the Missouri compromise and the attempt to establish slavery in Kansas. He entered public life just as the struggle for national supremacy was culminating into war. He regarded it as a question of liberty or slavery, of national unity or its dismemberment. He saw with clear vision the terrible magnitude of the issue, and this made him a partisan. It was impossible for him with his consciousness and convictions to be otherwise than a partisan. He was intensely in earnest. He feared southern aggression, and unceasingly fought it; he detested disloyalty, and was bold in his discoveries of it; he abhorred the rebellion with intolerant hatred, and labored for its destruction. He would grant no concession where he believed the principle was vital, and, however hot or bitter or uncertain the fight, he neither gave nor asked for quarter. During the dark days of war his heart never faltered and his voice never trembled. He exacted the utmost fidelity and diligence from those who supported the Union cause, and had little respect or charity for those who brought failure to its arms. His watchfulness and aggressiveness did not cease with the war. When conciliation seemed to have failed, and the old strife, which it was supposed had been buried on the battle-field, was revived in Congress, Mr. CHANDLER naturally came to the front, and with the same defiant courage of opinion which gave him master influence during the war, he proclaimed in the Senate, and before the people, the dangers which threatened the peace and good order of the nation, in language which could not be misunderstood.

Perhaps in a less turbulent period of our history Mr. CHANDLER would not have occupied so prominent a place. He was not a great statesman, but he was needed in an exigency, and most nobly did he meet the requirement. No man better understood the patriotic impulses of the people, and no man had greater power in expressing and arousing popular sentiment. He was in sympathy with the masses; he had an intense sense of justice between man and man; he estimated men according to their true worth; he never stood upon his dignity, nor by word or manner indicated any personal superiority. The coarse dress and rough manner did not repel him, but every man, however plain or humble, was at ease in his presence. He stood nearer to the people and had a stronger hold upon them than any other Senator.

The secret of his success and his control of the popular mind may be found in his sincerity, his intensity, his constancy, and his directness. There was no deceit in his nature. You were never left in doubt about his views, and, what is more, he was never in doubt himself. You always knew where to find him. He used vigorous Saxon. His utterances were plain and terse. His illustrations, although sometimes extravagant, were full of rugged meaning, and what they lacked in elegance was made up in force. Whatever he said he meant should be understood just as he said it.

There was nothing negative about him. His policy was never timid nor vacillating. However great the responsibility, he never hesitated to assume it, but he always went to the front. It was this positive, aggressive, uncompromising spirit which gave him leadership and enabled him to infuse courage into men of less boldness. He was impatient of opposition, and as ready to condemn his own party associates as his opponents when their policy was at variance with his own.

Mr. CHANDLER was not free from faults, and he never attempted their concealment. Every one knew what manner of man he was. He made no claim to greatness, nor to any special merit. The men who denounced him as a bitter partisan, and who threw stones of hate and ridicule against him, even now, before the period of passionate strife in which he was an actor has entirely passed away, have acknowledged his virtues.

His personal integrity, his resistless energy, his burning patriotism, his rugged frankness, and his fearless devotion to duty, made him conspicuous in the legislation of the country and in the councils of his party.

He died with the harness on, in the mid-day of his fame and usefulness, actively participating with all the fervor of his nature in the struggle which he believed of vital consequence to his countrymen.

We cannot but admire the character of a man who "was the architect of his own fortune," and who, under a beneficent and free government, which gives equal advantages to all, relying upon his own brave heart and strong arm and indomitable will, won a name and wielded a power which will continue far beyond the generation in which he lived.

Address of Mr. BREWER, of Michigan.

Mr. SPEAKER: On the 1st day of November last the sad announcement was made that Senator CHANDLER was dead; that his lifeless remains were found in bed at the Pacific Hotel, in the city of Chicago. The report was doubted at first by the friends of the deceased Senator, but all doubt was soon removed, and the city and State of his adoption arrayed themselves in the habiliments of mourning. Senator CHANDLER

was known to more of the people of Michigan than any other of her citizens. The name of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, or "Old Zach," as he was more commonly called, was familiar in every household, and was spoken with the utmost freedom by old and young alike; but to-day, to them, his voice is stilled in death; to-day his name is spoken with sadness and sorrow from the Atlantic to the Pacific, at least in every Northern State. Mr. CHANDLER'S life in many respects was an eventful one. Born in the town of Bedford, amid the rugged hills of a New Hampshire home, he soon began to exhibit those traits of character which in after life made him so prominent. In 1833, when but twenty years of age, he became satisfied that his native State was no field in which to develop his business powers, and he sought a home in the then undeveloped great Northwest, and found it in the city of Detroit. What a broad field was then opened to the view of the energetic young New Englander! Nearly all our country west of Buffalo at that time was but an uninhabited wilderness; Michigan was but a Territory, with a few thousand inhabitants, and contained within its territorial government what is now known as the State of Wisconsin. The city of Detroit was but a small town, its inhabitants being largely engaged in trade with the natives of the forest. But the city of Detroit to-day is one of the great cities of the Northwest, while Michigan has a population of a million and a half of people, and Wisconsin nearly an equal number, and both of these great States are teeming with all the enterprise and industry of the age. Such result was obtained during the years of Mr. CHANDLER'S residence in Michigan, and was largely due to his fostering care while in official life. Wonder not, then, that the city of Detroit and the State of Michigan mourn the loss of her honored dead, for he was always a watchful guardian of

their interests. The plain result of his watchful care for his State and his desire to advance her prosperity while in public life is visible along all the great chain of lakes and rivers which encompass her borders. No one has done more to advance and build up the interests of the Northwest than the late Senator.

When Mr. CHANDLER arrived in Detroit, like thousands of other young men who then sought a home in the West, his greatest wealth was his robust constitution, and his chief capital to start with in the great battle of life was his habits of industry, his self-will, pluck, and integrity. Soon after his arrival he entered into a business partnership in the dry-goods trade with one Franklin Moore, a brother-in-law. This partnership continued but for a few years, when Mr. Moore retired from the firm, Mr. CHANDLER continuing in the business until he accumulated a fortune and became the most prosperous merchant in the State. Mr. CHANDLER's political life commenced in 1851, when he was nominated by the whigs of Detroit and elected mayor of said city. His extensive business had made him acquaintances and friends all over the State, and in the fall of 1852 he was nominated as the whig candidate for governor, but, while running largely ahead of his ticket, he was defeated by Hon. Robert McClelland, his democratic opponent. He made his first political speeches in his canvass for the governorship, and soon became the recognized leader of the whigs of his State. He took an active part in the formation of the republican party at Jackson in 1854, and a leading part in the campaigns of 1854 and 1856, speaking in every part of the State, and his plain logic, clear and forcible language gained him friends wherever he went. When the republicans obtained control of the Legislature in 1856 the party and people with great unanimity demanded the election

of Mr. CHANDLER to succeed General Lewis Cass in the Senate of the United States. He took his seat in the Senate on the 4th of March, 1857, and was twice re-elected, and served continuously for eighteen years. The venerable HANNIBAL HAMLIN is the only one of his first associates in the Senate who is serving in a like capacity to-day, and, I believe, the only one now in public life. Nearly all others sleep the last sleep. At the time Mr. CHANDLER entered the Senate excitement ran high over the repeal of the once famous Missouri compromise, and the great contest relating to slavery in the Territories was soon fought out between the friends of freedom and oppression.

In this conflict Mr. CHANDLER stood boldly up for the fundamental rights of man, and was a fit representative of his great liberty-loving constituency. The continuous eighteen years of Mr. CHANDLER'S senatorial career were years fraught with momentous events, and were the most eventful years in American history. It was during these years that the bondmen were made free, that the nation was saved, the Union restored, and liberty preserved to the American people. It was during these years that the rights of man were more firmly guaranteed by amendments to the fundamental law of the land. It was during the later years of Mr. CHANDLER'S life that the financial credit and the integrity and honor of the nation were at stake; when demagogues sought to build up a political organization upon their country's shame. In the settlement of all these great questions, the vote and voice of the late Senator truly represented the patriotic sentiment of the people of his State. In October, 1875, Mr. CHANDLER was chosen by President Grant as one of his constitutional advisers, and placed at the head of the Interior Department, where he remained until March 4, 1877. His appointment, at

first, did not meet with the commendation of the self-assumed high-toned theoretical politicians of his party; but when he passed over the Interior Department to his successor, the people and press of all parties vied with each other in commending the manner in which he had conducted the duties of his office. He demonstrated by practical experience that *he* was the best reformer of the civil service who chose his assistants and employés because of their practical knowledge of the duties they were selected to perform, rather than he who selected them because they succeeded in answering questions relating to matters which in no manner pertained to their official duties. As Secretary of the Interior he purified that Department of the Government, and showed an executive talent surpassed by no one who had filled the position.

Upon the resignation of Senator Christiancy in the spring of 1879, Mr. CHANDLER, as is well known, was chosen by the Legislature of Michigan to fill the vacancy caused by such resignation. In his long official life his great executive and business ability, his industry and strict integrity, have met the highest commendation of the press and people of all parties. No one has ever been bold enough to charge ZACHARIAH CHANDLER with corruption or peculation in office. Senator CHANDLER was in many respects truly a great man. He was not great in his style of oratory; he was not great in his classical learning or in his knowledge of the sciences, but he was great, powerfully great, in his knowledge of men. He was one who could mold public opinion and assimilate the judgment of men, and such a man is truly great. He was a leader of men; he drew about him in his political councils not only the aged, but the young, the vigorous, and active; he was a man of the people and from the people, and herein lay his strength. In his notions he was practical. His language

was plain, and his ideas were clear and always forcibly expressed. There never could be any misapprehension as to which side of a business or political question he was on. Mr. CHANDLER was a partisan, but he was first of all a patriot. While he held his country above party, yet he firmly believed that the stability of the nation and the political equality and welfare of our people depended upon the success of the party he so faithfully labored for and loved so well. He was bold, fearless, and aggressive in his language and demeanor; he was uncompromising in his utterances, and never shrank from characterizing offenses in their true light. Had he been less fearless he might at times have excused his language by uttering words spoken by another:

> Judge me not ungentle,
> Of manners rude, and violent of speech,
> If when the public safety is in question
> My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

But he made no apologies. He preferred to leave his countrymen to judge his words and motives from his patriotic acts. Mr. CHANDLER was a positive man. He threw the whole power of his intellect against that which he believed to be wrong, and he never wavered in his struggle to promote right and advance truth and justice. He was possessed of great energy and great mental and physical powers, and he never doubted his ability to accomplish that which he set out to perform. He adopted the motto of another: "Attempt the end and never stand to doubt." If we look back over the pages of the world's history we will find that the men of the mold of Mr. CHANDLER, men that were positive, aggressive, bold and fearless in the right, were the men who came to the front in advancing the great principles of political and religious liberty. Mr. CHANDLER above all was an honest man, in offi-

cial as well as private life. He was plain in his dress and simple in his habits. He was generous with his means and the friend of the needy and unfortunate, and thousands of such in his adopted city dropped a tear over his bier as they viewed his manly form in death. He was a firm believer in the integrity of the American people, and during the political campaign of 1878 he took the strongest ground in favor of maintaining our national credit. He asserted that after mature reflection the American people would no more think of repudiating the nation's obligations than they would think of submitting to a dissolution of the Union itself, and he gave this fact as an illustration of the integrity of our people. He said, during the late war, while he was in Washington, that he loaned to our soldiers several thousands of dollars, in small sums of from two to ten dollars to each, but that the whole amount was repaid to him with the exception of about $10, and he was satisfied that the poor men who owed him that small amount had given their lives for their country.

Mr. Speaker, during the three short years that I have had the honor of a seat in this body, very many of our desks have been draped in mourning. Our legislative associates have fallen all around us. Not only the small in stature and the physically weak, but those who seemed to stand like mighty oaks in the forest, have been stricken down by the icy hand of death. Surely "God moves in a mysterious way."

When we separated and went to our homes last summer no one seemed more likely to return in the vigor of health and strength than he for whom we mourn to-day; but as a great political contest in which he had taken an active part was about to close, he slept. His popularity was never so great as on the day of his death. He had become a recognized leader of his party, and his words gave strength and wisdom to an

aggressive host. It will be hard to fill his place in the councils of the nation or in the leadership of his party.

Mr. Speaker, I first became acquainted with Mr. CHANDLER in 1856, and he was then known by the familiar name of "Old Zach," yet he was under forty-three years of age. For the last twelve years of his life I knew him intimately, personally, and politically, and our relations were very friendly.

Sir, I feel that the nation has lost a patriotic statesman, his State its most illustrious citizen, and he who speaks to you a noble friend. But ZACHARIAH CHANDLER is gone. In the beautiful "Elmwood," on the banks of a mighty river, his friends laid him to rest, where his ashes will mingle with the dust of other illustrious dead.

In common with the people of the State he served so well, and which honored him so greatly, and of the Nation whose rights, honor, and power he was such an uncompromising defender, and of the thousands of personal friends who loved him, we cast upon his bier the faithful tribute of affection and high regard, and so bid him a last farewell.

Address of Mr. ROBESON, of New Jersey.

From rock-bound coast and rugged mountain-side, from quiet farms and busy villages, and from her thronging centers of culture and of trade, New England pours her eager sons along the path of every progress. From the elevating influence of her noble social system, from her clustering churches, from her teeming school-houses, from her free town-meetings, they carry the impress of their New England origin, education, and character into every field which human ambition dares to invade or human energy avails to conquer. What manner of men

they are, who, born of Puritan stock and inheriting the energies and capactiies of Puritan character, develop them in the free air and under the boundless horizon of the prairies, and amid the activity and vitality of pioneer and frontier life, we know and the world is beginning to realize. Carrying with them everywhere the mental and moral qualities of their New England origin, they develop them in scenes of more intense vitality and amid the struggles of larger elements of natural force. Thus is produced a race uniting in themselves almost every condition of physical, intellectual, and political development; a race which makes a new and mighty element of power, challenging the attention and commanding the respect of the world.

These reflections are suggested by a picture as remarkable as any in the history of our country, and which would not be possible in any other land or under different conditions of government and political progress. Amid the crowd of emigrants who in the earlier years of the present century turned their backs upon home and birthplace in New England to seek their fortunes in the growing West were two young men, born in the little State of New Hampshire, who both finally settled in the beautiful city of Detroit, which, sitting like a queen on the banks of its great highway, has for so many years commanded the trade and traffic of the Northwest. Their stern New England mother had thrown off each in turn as the northern eagle soaring from her eyrie shakes in mid-air her frightened fledglings from her back to try for themselves their new-grown pinions in the upward flight and dare alone the splendor and the danger of the sky. The elder of the two was among the earlier settlers of the northern region, a soldier in its defense, and a pioneer in its development. Reaching at an early period conspicuous official position, his strong character and great abili-

ties swayed to his own views the principles and the actions of the people among whom he lived. Representing in the Senate of the United States the great State of Michigan, he was for many years the political champion and leader of opinion in the Northwest.

The other, whose recent death is the occasion of these ceremonies, leaving at a later period the scenes of his youth, carried with him to his adopted State the same inborn qualities of energy and strength of character, enriched by the same intense love of his country, but molded in a different school of political faith, developing into different ideas of political policy, government, and progress. The one was the veteran champion and representative of the older democracy; the other soon became a leader of the new republicanism. In the struggle of parties which often convulsed the State they were ever representative antagonists, and as one of the early fruits of the great political revolution which swept the Northwest, the younger was elected to the seat of the elder in the Senate of the United States, a position which he held until a very recent period, keeping in the hands of these two sons of New Hampshire, almost unbroken from the time of its organization, the senatorial power and influence of the great State of Michigan.

For many years antagonists in political strife, rivals for political office, and representatives of different political policy, the great peril which threatened their common country brought them at last together, and, uniting them in a common endeavor for its rescue and safety, engendered a personal friendship which was broken only by the death of the elder; and to-day Lewis Cass and ZACHARIAH CHANDLER sleep almost side by side beneath the soil of the great Commonwealth which they both loved so well, which was the scene of their political rivalry, and which honored each in his turn with its confidence

and highest trust. Their graves, like those in the old cemetery at Portland, where lie face to face the commanders of the Enterprise and the Boxer, cover indeed the remains of rival champions, but represent now quiet after strife, equality after rivalry, and the utter subjection of all human power to His will "whose mercy endureth forever."

The Senate of which Mr. CHANDLER became a member was as remarkable as any which has been known in the history of our country. The principles involved in its contests were those upon which depended the future character and direction of our Government and its influence for all time; and the men to whom, in the providence of God, their illustration was committed were worthy of their high trust.

The political party to which he belonged was at that time greatly in the minority in the Senate, and many of its members had, like himself, been chosen for the qualities which mark the courage of high convictions rather than for official or governmental experience, but like him they brought to the contest energy, activity, and constancy, noble impulses of duty, the courage of lofty purposes, clear conception of the ends to be finally reached, and a fixed determination to dare, to do, and to suffer all that might be necessary for their accomplishment.

It would not become the occasion to recount the many struggles, trials, and triumphs of that great contest; it is sufficient now to say that Mr. CHANDLER brought to the side of his party the most valuable and decisive qualities of mind and heart. Vigorous and energetic, yet thoughtful and astute; of large views, yet with clear conceptions; of liberal ideas, yet with fixed principles; of high aspirations, yet with concentrated purposes—these were qualities born on New England soil indeed, but developed on broader fields and amid the struggle of more elemental forces. A heart open as day to

every manly sympathy; a steadfastness which did not yield, and a faith which never faltered; a simplicity which told of honor, and a courage which was born of freedom—these were qualities of heart which belonged to the man himself, which enshrined him in the love of friends, and took hold on the affections of the people.

During the whole period of our acquaintance, my own association with Mr. CHANDLER was intimate, close, and confidential. Of his senatorial career I need not speak further; his record is written on the pages of his country's history. But of the closer and more confidential relations of Cabinet life and duty in which we were associated together I may bear special testimony. There, as everywhere, he exhibited the highest qualities of character and of heart; he was at once liberal to every person, just to every interest, and constant to every duty; his every action was honor and all his endeavors were for the right; and each day he grew more and more in the love and in the respect of his chief and of his associates.

In the fullness of his strength, in the plenitude of his influence, in the richest development of his faculties, clad with the regalia of a nation's confidence, and covered with love as with a garment, he has fallen in the night, and the scenes which once knew him so well will know him no more forever. The successes to which he contributed will endure for others, but the mind enriched and developed, the enlightened heart, and the elevated spirit which achieved them are lost to his country and his friends just as, equipped and trained for severer struggles, the veteran turned to new conquests. Here we must pause; we can go no further. This is the "be-all and the end-all here"; beyond is "the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns"; but here is the moral and a lesson: Life is far too short to realize to man more than the

merest possibilities of his nature. The heart is full of aspirations, and the mind of possibilities which are not, which cannot be, realized in this world. At each step which we take forward we see nearer and clearer the far-off goals, toward which the spirit aspires, but which human ambition may never reach, but, like the stars which shine down the long avenues of heaven, their endless line of "lights on lights beyond" tells like prophecy the immortal destiny of man.

Address of Mr. BURROWS, of Michigan.

Mr. SPEAKER: Conscious as I am of the exalted place Senator CHANDLER held in the hearts of the people whom I have the honor in part to represent, I should feel that I had disregarded the wishes of my immedate constituents should I permit this occasion to pass without attempting to give expression to their high appreciation of his character and their profound sense of irreparable loss.

I am not apprehensive, sir, that I shall expose myself to the imputation of fulsome eulogy of the dead, or unjust detraction from the merits of the living, by declaring that no citizen of Michigan stood higher in the public regard, or could by his death have so disturbed the public repose, as the distinguished Senator whose sudden demise has given occasion for this solemn observance. That he occupied a foremost place in the State's esteem is evidenced by the prolonged and illustrious service to which her partiality repeatedly called him; that he is sincerely lamented is attested by the manifestations of public and private grief attending his imposing obsequies.

The qualities of head and heart which thus endeared him to the people of Michigan were so conspicuous that they readily

suggest themselves to every one familiar with his public career, for the prominent and distinguished features of his character were so pronounced that they could be neither disguised nor misunderstood.

Chiefest among these was his unchallenged honesty. Holding, for a quarter of a century, some of the most responsible positions in the gift of his State and the nation, whether participating in the legislation of the country or in the administration of its laws, his course was ever marked by the same unswerving integrity. Provoking, as he did, by his pronounced partisanship the fiercest assaults of his political antagonists, yet no adversary was ever bold enough to attack his official integrity or impugn his personal honor.

Nor would he brook dishonesty in others. It is said that, when Secretary of the Interior, becoming satisfied that a certain bureau in that department needed thorough renovation, he sent for the head of the division and directed the immediate dismissal of twelve of his most prominent subordinates. The chief of the bureau expostulated with the Secretary and finally declared that it would be impossible to transact the business of his department without their assistance. "Very well, sir," replied the Secretary, "then the business of your department will be suspended; for unless you make these removals by four o'clock this afternoon, that branch of the public service will be closed." It is needless to add that the orders of the Secretary were immediately executed and the subordinates discharged.

If it be true that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," then ZACHARIAH CHANDLER was one of nature's master-pieces.

> "He never sold the *right* to serve the hour,"
> Or paltered with eternal truth for power.

Then, again, he was a man of matchless courage. Positive in his convictions, he was bold in their advocacy. His course of action once determined upon, supported by an approving conscience, no fear of popular disfavor or personal discomfiture could swerve him from his fixed purpose. No matter what the emergency, he was always equal to it. Where others doubted, he was confident; where others faltered, he was immovable; where others queried, he affirmed. Whether engaged in preserving the nation's life or sustaining the national credit, whether in the Senate or in the Cabinet, he was the same fearless, intrepid leader. There was no error, however popular, he would not assail—no truth, however despised, he would not champion. As illustrative of his indomitable courage in great emergencies, it is related of him that immediately after the battle of Bull Run, when the Republic seemed tottering to its downfall, he called upon the President to advise with him in relation to the exigencies of the hour. Mr. Lincoln was in despair, and met Mr. CHANDLER with the exclamation: "The country is lost! what shall we do?" "Do?" responded the stalwart Senator, "call immediately for three hundred thousand volunteers." "But will the people respond?" questioned the Executive. "Yes, sir, if you were to make it a million." And it is said that he never quit the executive chamber until he bore the order from Mr. Lincoln to Secretary Stanton directing the summons. He was one of the few public men who, in the consideration of great questions, not only had positive convictions, but the moral courage to avow them, regardless alike of public opinion or personal consequences. It mattered not how popular a measure might be, or how much its advocacy might enhance the chances of party success, Senator CHANDLER never yielded his convictions for a momentary advantage. It mattered not how exalted any *man* might be in the public re-

gard, if Senator CHANDLER believed him unworthy of the advancement he would not hesitate to assail him. And he never resorted to temporary expedients to achieve temporary success or allay popular clamor.

> Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power
> By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour.

And, finally, he was faithful to every public duty and true to his friends. Treachery found no place in his character. He never betrayed a public trust or a personal friend.

Fortunate will we be if it can be said of us when we are gone, as it can be truthfully declared of him: He was an honest public servant, a fearless champion of the right, and a faithful friend.

Address of Mr. HAWLEY, of Connecticut.

I gladly take a few moments to manifest my sorrow for the death of Mr. CHANDLER, and my high respect for the many pronounced and praiseworthy elements of his character. It was a frank, brave, manly, strong nature. Whatever he loved he loved indeed; when he hated at all he blazed. When he enlisted for a cause he gave it his soul and mind and body. He furnishes an eminent example among a multitude of men stalwart in all things—physical, mental, and moral—who have swarmed westward for a century and built up an empire. He carried with him the traditions of his New England home. His force and good judgment bore him upward in business; his honesty secured him abundant trust and confidence; his public spirit compelled him to enter public life. He rejoiced in the inspirations of conflict, and had a righteous contempt for neutrals. "Some say there is a God; some say there is no God." Mr. CHANDLER would never have said,

"the truth lies between the two extremes." A man once prominent in American letters and politics, who failed to secure the success in public life to which his intellectual abilities apparently entitled him, described, as lessening his availability for political leadership, his irresistible tendency to see in the strongest light the arguments and sentiments of his opponents, and to permit his vigor of action to be modified accordingly. Mr. CHANDLER never suffered through any such weakness. He was never in danger of being turned into a pillar of salt.

Willing enough to concede that his opponents might be sincere, he would rejoice in that sincerity as giving promise of a finer battle. It would never have occurred to him that it ought to save them from defeat.

His roughness and readiness provoked criticism. Men more scholarly, judicial, deliberate, and many-sided, and by reason thereof often less valuable in times of stormy action, were apt to undervalue Mr. CHANDLER. But his advice and judgment were sound in the startling crisis of war, and, while it was not a surprise to those who really knew him, it was a great satisfaction to see him become in time of peace a Secretary of the Interior, pointed to as a model of integrity and vigor.

His opponents made a common mistake in deeming the sledge-hammer combatant lacking in the graces of friendship. He hated many things; I do not think he hated any man. He had lived through enough of rude conflict in private and public to know that we may judge opinions and principles by the light we have, but should estimate men by the light they have.

All the time he lived he was indeed a live man. And though he be dead, the magnetism of his nature is here to-day, and will be felt for generations.

Address of Mr. DUNNELL, of Minnesota.

Mr. SPEAKER: The late Senator CHANDLER attained political eminence and secured the admiration of the American people because he had and exhibited in action some of the best traits of an attractive human character. He had integrity, honesty, patriotism, boldness, and moral bravery. These qualities were the pillars upon which, in a large degree, rested his national fame. They gave him success in each great theater of his life.

When his remains awaited burial in the city of Detroit, his fellow-citizens, in large numbers and irrespective of party, in their unanimously adopted resolutions, made conspicuous these shining characteristics. His honesty, his uprightness, his uncorruptedness in the transactions of life were in daily play, and came to be the universally conceded qualities of the man.

This animating and controlling principle greatly augmented, without doubt, the force of those other traits to which reference has been made. He did not yield to the temptations which come to men willing to acquire gain and place by the use of deceptive and otherwise unworthy methods. As he hated fraud, he demanded a clean record, a full exposure of all the motives which shaped and impelled the actions of men. His denunciations of men who in action were not what their professions would make them, were signally severe. For such men, he had no excuses. If he was intolerant, his honesty made him so. There was no sham in this great distinguishing element in his character. It was firmly rooted and unceasingly operative. It did not leave him when he passed from private into public life. During his eighteen years of service in the Senate of the United States, much of it opening paths to personal profit, which touched and hurt other men, he made

such a record for honesty, in its largest signification, that it left in the background and to be forgotten forever whatever of faults, if any, may have touched his personal character.

After a short retirement from the Senate, he became the Secretary of the Interior. He was exempt from assaults at no period in his political career. They were renewed when he returned to Washington to assume the duties of an executive officer and take his place in the Cabinet of President Grant. These attacks, however, never reached his integrity. If they had been made with that view, he could have used the words of Shakespeare and said:

> There is no terror in your threats:
> For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
> That they pass by me as the idle wind,
> Which I respect not.

If the history of the lamented Senator be written, no pages in it will be brighter or more illustrative of the man than those which shall set forth the thorough and needed reforms which he wrought in the Department of the Government over which he presided. Civil service with him had an honest meaning. It must have its illustration in the full labor of men loyal to the Government and competent to do the work assigned them. He hated civil-service rules, because in their practical operation they were too often a cheat. Not long had he served in this new capacity before there came from every quarter the free and hearty acknowledgment that he possessed executive and administrative abilities of a high order.

The congressional legislation of 1854 brought the subject of our eulogies from his comparative obscurity and led the way to his long and eventful public career. The republican party was born of that legislation. In the formation of the party he took an early and conspicuous part. In after years, and indeed

till his death, he was in it a wise and sagacious adviser and supporter. His consummate ability in party organization kept him for many years at the head of the national republican committee.

The repeal of the Missouri compromise he regarded as a blow aimed at the life of the nation. This act aroused into the intensest activity his sublime love of the Union. From this hour his voice was heard. The directness and severity with which he spoke of measures which he deemed hostile to the public good may be charged to his ardent love of country. He was an extreme partisan because he sincerely believed his party alone could save and best serve the Republic. He did not think it possible to save it by any other political organization or agency. His uncompromising devotion to the Union would not suffer him to consider for an hour any terms of compromise or conciliation. The sincerity and honesty of his motives were never questioned by those who knew him. His vast labors for the Government during the war, and the soldiers who were standing against its enemies, were inspired by a deep and generous patriotism. No man will do him justice who does not credit to it all he did and sacrificed for it when its life was in peril. His words were indeed barbed, but his nature would not suffer the coinage of any other.

I have said, Mr. Speaker, that one of the marked traits in the Senator's character was his boldness. His honesty made it impossible for him to evade or conceal. He did not hesitate at any time or in any place to utter his convictions or use right names. He spoke as he felt. Words with him were put to their legitimate use. Frankness marked the man and was the offspring of his honesty. He said what he thought the occasion required. It would not have been possible for him to do less and be himself. He was rugged in conviction and

in utterance. His speeches in the Senate during the extra session of last year were charged with the severest denunciations, for they came of the views which he had entertained concerning the war and its chief actors. He could not have made them otherwise.

It may be said that the Senator, though sincere, was extreme and daring, yet such a man is safer in the councils of a nation than a timid man, for the latter is quite certain to surrender his whole cause WHEN some crisis is reached and *when* the highest order of courage is the stern necessity of the hour. The brave man will never deceive either friend or foe.

The last speeches of Senator CHANDLER in the Senate brought him invitations to address the people in many States of the Union. He spoke many times in Ohio, Maine, Massachusetts New York, Wisconsin, and Illinois during the months of August, September, and October. Vast crowds greeted him wherever he spoke. The masses loved his directness of speech. They honored him for what he was and what he said. Faneuil Hall resounded with the loud and long applause which followed his words. His reception in every place was an ovation.

Turning his face homeward, he reached the city of Chicago on the 31st of October. Here, when the echoes of his last eloquent appeal to the thousands who here so enthusiastically heard him, had scarcely died away, the spirit of the bold Senator, the incorruptible statesman and the earnest patriot, took its flight. Here ended a life grandly useful and heroic. This generation cannot forget its greatness, and coming generations will admire its singular devotion to the Republic.

Address of Mr. STONE, of Michigan.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the death of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER a great political party has lost one of its recognized leaders, and the nation one of her most distinguished sons. His life and acts have been interwoven with the history and progress of the State of Michigan and of this nation during the last twenty-five years.

The life of Senator CHANDLER adds another name to that long list of men in this country who, by dint of persevering application and energy, have raised themselves from the lower ranks of industry to eminent positions of usefulness and influence in the nation. The presidential chair and the Halls of Congress have contained many such self-raised men—fitting representatives of the industrial character of the American people—and it is to the credit of our institutions that such men have received due recognition and honor at the hands of the people.

Mr. CHANDLER'S education was limited to that of the common schools and an academy of his native State, New Hampshire.

In 1833, at the age of twenty years, he removed to the city of Detroit, and soon after engaged in the mercantile business, in which he was very successful.

His public life began by his election to the office of mayor of his adopted city in the year 1851. He was in 1852 brought prominently before the people of Michigan as the whig candidate for governor. Although the contest was a hopeless one he made a spirited and energetic canvass, and established a prestige in the State which he ever afterward enjoyed. From this time to the day of his death Mr. CHANDLER took an active interest in the politics of his adopted State and the

nation. In the winter of 1856–'57 he was elected to the United States Senate, to succeed Lewis Cass, being the first republican Senator from Michigan.

In the Senate he took hold of his work with the same energy and directness that had characterized him as a successful merchant and business man. He saw the coming greatness of the Northwest and devoted himself chiefly to the commerce and industries of the lake region, becoming so thoroughly acquainted with the subject that he was soon considered an authority on all questions touching the interests or development of that part of the country.

He especially demanded for the Northwest a place on the Committee on Commerce in the Senate, a committee of which he was afterward chairman for so many years. It is said that the first bill he ever presented was one to improve the Saint Clair Flats by deepening the channel over them. This bill, and his next to deepen Saint Mary's River, he pushed with that untiring energy which marked his course afterward in such matters. During the debate in the Senate on the Saint Clair bill Mr. CHANDLER said, "I want to see who is friendly to the great Northwest and who is not, for we are about making our last prayer here. The time is not far distant when, instead of coming here and begging for our rights, we shall extend our hands and *take* the blessing. After 1860 we shall not be here as beggars."

Time will not permit us on this occasion to follow him minutely in his successful career in the Senate. Long identified with the interests and prosperity of Michigan, no man has accomplished more for her material interests than Mr. CHANDLER. Outside of political and party lines he has been of great service to the State, and his death is there considered a great calamity. He will fill an honorable page in the history

of his country's struggles and triumph over human slavery. He hated oppression wherever he found it, and counted no consequence in denouncing the oppressor.

Senator CHANDLER was a man of decided convictions and utterances. His boldness and frankness of speech often led to a misconception of his character, and made the impression that he was tyrannical and vindictive. His nature was eminently genial, tender, and sympathetic. He felt keenly the wrongs of others, and was never more outspoken than when defending the cause of the weak and oppressed.

Pending the rebellion, he was loyal, hopeful, helpful, and a military division in himself, to help Lincoln, Grant, and Stanton. He was devoted to the Union in its hour of peril. His earnest, persevering labors amid the darkest days of its trial and difficulty, his courage and steadfastness in the pursuit of his noble aims and purposes in the interest of the nation, were no less heroic of their kind than the bravery and devotion of the soldier whose duty and whose pride it was heroically to defend it upon the battle-field. No human being can accurately say how much of our final victory during war and reconstruction was vitally and indisputably ministered by ZACHARIAH CHANDLER. He was absolutely invincible and fearless. I wish to pay a brief tribute to the fearless independence of his character, to his integrity, his honest adherence to the principles which he believed to be right, to the rugged force of his talents, all of which made him an important element in the affairs of the nation during the last quarter of a century. Few men in this country ever wielded a stronger political influence than Senator CHANDLER. He was a man of firm convictions, and, though an ardent partisan, was just. His character was unimpeachable. Throughout his course of public life not even his bitterest opponents ever had aught to say against his honesty.

Few men have taken such a firm, deep hold on the confidence and regard of the country. His sturdy patriotism and his uncompromising loyalty carried and captivated the popular heart. He had something in his composition that compelled respect and confidence from the people. One of Napoleon's favorite maxims was, "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." If it is a blessing to be possessed of a stout heart, then Senator CHANDLER was eminently blessed. The people of Michigan, and all who knew him, had unbounded confidence in the will-power and energy of "Old Zach," as he was familiarly called at home. I believe it is true that it is not the men of genius who move the world, and take the lead in it, but men of steadfastness and invincible determination.

Mr. CHANDLER was strong with the people because he was conspicuously one of the people, moved by their honest impulses, filled with their strong sense, and sharing their earnest convictions. There was no pretense or false show about him. He was brave, true, manly, square, and direct, and was never afraid to call things by their right names. He made no claim to polish or the art of rhetoric. He was a strong man, rather than a scholarly one; a man of great common sense; a practical rather than a brilliant statesman. His practical sagacity, his resolute will, and great courage made him a greater force than many of finer polish and larger acquirements. He was a natural leader, and no man in our history as a State ever had a more faithful following. He leaves a gap which it will be difficult to fill. Upon the nation which honored him, and the State which loved him, the news of his death fell with great suddenness and the force of an awful shock. But he could not have chosen a better time to die had he been given the power of choice, for he went in the zenith of his fame and usefulness—in the midst of activity and labor, and with the

harness on. His last public utterances were for an honest government and an undivided nation.

A widespread and public sorrow on the announcement of his death attested the profound sense of the loss which the State of Michigan and the whole country sustained. Former political animosities were forgotten, and all, without distinction of politics, creed, or nativity, seemed to feel that the State and nation had lost a strong pillar.

Let us imitate his virtues and cherish his memory.

Address of Mr. KEIFER, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: If we were to call the roll of the dead who have fallen from the ranks of those who have mustered in this our country's Capitol, we should hear the names of many historic souls familiar to the ears of the people of all lands, and not among the least of those would be found the name of him on whose account we meet here to-day to pay a last tribute of respect.

My personal relations with the late Senator ZACHARIAH CHANDLER were limited to occasional and incidental meetings during the last two years of his life. To those who knew him well and intimately during the many years of his long, eventful, and useful life it must be left to speak of him in his social and family relations. But his public life and acts belong to the whole country; and in so far as he was the instrument of good to mankind; in so far as his life was exemplary and worthy of imitation; in so far as he was a type of American manhood and an honor to his country and race, he belongs to history.

While his life and public services may not have been sin-

gularly grand, they were transcendently great. It has often been said, with a view of detracting from individual greatness, that men only become great because they have lived and been called on to grapple with great events. It is not to be denied that great occasions develop great intellects and great men. It is also true that men who have high and responsible public duties cast on them, as a rule meet and discharge them, often to the surprise of their friends, with singular faithfulness and ability. But in the long and eventful period in our country's history through which the lamented Senator lived many strong men faltered, hesitated, and fell.

The differences in men are rarely to be measured by their difference in natural and purely intellectual endowments; they consist more commonly in the differences in zeal, energy —physical energy—perseverance, devotion to duty, to friends and country, pride of success, love of honor, self-respect, high resolve, dauntless spirit, and, above all, a desire to do good. Senator CHANDLER possessed most if not all of these endowments, and more largely than most of the great and good men of the world.

If I were compelled to name the one leading characteristic which he was endowed with in a higher degree than another, and which ruled him in private and public affairs throughout his useful life, I should say it was heroism. Though not a warrior in the period of war, his whole life was a heroic one. Heroes are not found alone in the fiery furnace of war; they are common to the paths of peace. He possessed true heroism, "the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action." His was not only of that kind of heroism denoting fearlessness of danger, passive courage, ability to bear up under trials amid dangers and sufferings; nor was it only that fortitude, bravery, and valor which is essential to those who go forth to con-

flicts with living opponents in personal mortal combat as duelists or in battle; it was made up of that intrepidity and courage which shrinks not in the presence of appalling dangers. Senator CHANDLER was unpretentious, and as a husband, father, and friend was kind, patronizing, and gentle; but when stormy times came his brow seemed to darken, and that great body of his, which appeared to the beholder to be one of the motive forces of creation, strode fearlessly to the front, and there by common consent held sway until all danger was passed.

Many courageous men, not truly heroic, falter and fail to enter the lists when a conflict is imminent. Not so the deceased Senator. He was a leader when the times or occasions demanded true valor. It is in the lead where men fall or are sacrificed. The leaders in charging a foe are the most conspicuous marks, and they are the first to receive the manly fire of bold enemies and often the cowardly arrows of hiding foes in the rear, not unfrequently springing from the bow of envy or jealousy.

He escaped in a singular degree, and died in old age with his armor on. In a successful civil as in a successful military life—and in the eyes of an often undiscriminating public success in either is the only test of true greatness—it is easier to be led to scenes where honor and glory are won than to be one of the few who lead there.

In the bloody conflicts of war the percentage of those who cannot, if well commanded, meet the actual conflict of battle with a good show of courage is very small indeed, yet the large mass of men are physical cowards. Mr. CHANDLER had no element of cowardice in him. He was always a natural leader.

As a business man he sought out a comparatively new State

and attained success by foresight, energy, and enterprise. He left a large fortune. This same foresight, energy, and enterprise he carried with him throughout his public life. He was devoted to his friends and magnanimous to his foes, but not to the latter until he was sure they were conquered.

As a political leader he was known to be a violent partisan. This came from his having no half-way convictions of duty and right. When he had work to do he struck heavy blows. He did not lightly tap a nail on the head to start it on its course, but drove it home at a single blow. He was said to be uncompromising in his character. This was unjust to him, save in all matters where his country or principle was involved. He was honest, and integrity in private and public affairs was a pole-star for his guidance. He may have erred, and doubtless did, in many things. It is only human to err. His impetuous and fiery nature may have sometimes caused him to go astray, but he was willing to make amends for any wrong he had done to another when in his power.

Like all positive men who come prominently upon the stage of life, he had not friends alone, but violent enemies. But like a giant oak that withstands the tornadoes as well as the gentler winds for a century, and grows stronger and firmer in its fiber, Senator CHANDLER grew in mental and moral stature by reason of the violence of his foes. He, like the oak, could not have flourished alone in the sunshine of life. He needed, if he did not deserve, its stormy days to prepare him for his high destiny. It has been said by another who had to bear more than seemed to be his share of violent opposition, "that he could as little afford to spare his enemies as his friends." They fitted and qualified him for better and nobler duties. Mr. CHANDLER'S body and mind were alike of the rugged, not to say rough, cast.

His light, though not such as would be called in high literary circles brilliant, yet it burned fiercely, reaching on occasions a white heat, in the presence of which his opponents withered. In debate he was fearlessly outspoken. He could take as well as give herculean blows. Better men may have lived than plain old ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, but none excelled him in love of country or of his fellow-men. For subterfuge and dodging he had a brave man's scorn. He always spoke his mind and acted boldly up to his convictions. He was for war when peace no longer seemed possible. As early as 1860 he gave it as his opinion that "a little blood-letting would be good for the body politic." He was then for war, and in the national halls of legislation he gave his voice and votes for its rigorous prosecution.

He believed in the fiat of the emancipation which made plain Abe Lincoln's name immortal. It has been said that he was indiscreet, boisterous, and headstrong. So far as this may have been true it was because he had in great affairs absolutely no nonsense about him. As a political enemy of his has said, "He went straight for the thing in sight, and generally came off with it."

His warm and generous nature would not allow him to betray a friend or thrust an enemy in the back. If throughout his whole career his life was not one in all respects to be imitated by the young men of the country, it cannot be said that he corrupted them.

It was my fortune to meet him for a day near the close of his life. He was then on duty for a cause in which his heart and soul were enlisted, and in that cause he died. He had then entered upon his last campaign. It was bounded by no State lines. He addressed the people in Ohio on the political issues which he deemed vital to them; he flew from place to

place rapidly, and was gone, and the "*talking lightning*" told us he was in the distant State of Massachusetts, and thundering his plain but convincing speech in Faneuil Hall to the learned men of Boston. We heard of him elsewhere in that State and in the State of New York; then came the news that he was in the far Northwest—the State of Wisconsin—pouring livid, convincing arguments out to our people. The morning papers announced that he was to address the assembled multitudes in that magic, wondrous city of Chicago on the night of October 31, 1879.

The early papers on the next day gave us his speech, but with it came the startling announcement—ZACH. CHANDLER is dead! Strong men and women mourned. His friends and foes stood dazed in the presence of the sad tidings. They did not know how to contemplate him from the stand-point of death. He died as a hero might wish to die—like a plumed knight "booted and spurred." It is fitting that here in these halls that knew him so long we should pay him a last tribute and shed copious tears to his memory. As we contemplate him dead—in his final chamber of repose—in the poet's language we may truthfully say:

> Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
> Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
> No noise; but silence and eternal sleep.

Address of Mr. CONGER, of Michigan.

Mr. SPEAKER: The name and fame of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, of Michigan, needs no heralding in this House, in this Congress, in this nation. None is more familiar to the American people; none ever more honored by the citizens of his own State.

Those of us who speak of him to-day bring our loving though mournful tribute to his memory as we pay the last official honors to one who served so long and so well in the Congress of the nation.

I may not here recall the long years of my personal friendship and regard, nor shall I venture to give expression to the emotions which crowd upon me as I remember the obligations of friendship, of kindness and encouragement which have assisted my public labors and been so pleasant in my private life.

Nor do I design to give even a sketch of the private or public life of the distinguished statesman and patriot whose untimely death we deplore.

Others, here and elsewhere, will better perform that sacred duty, and gather together the abundant material furnished by three-score years of an eventful life to instruct, enlighten, and gratify the people whom he served so long and so well.

If I am permitted to refer to some scenes and events of his life, not so likely to be mentioned by others—to allude to some remembrances of circumstances which he himself in private conversation has spoken of as influencing his life and forming his character, I shall perhaps furnish some little aid to those who desire to know the peculiarities of his life and analyze the motives of his action.

CHANDLER was born December 10, 1813, in the time of our second national struggle, and the earliest impression of his childhood and the first lessons around the New England fireside were colored by the intense patriotism which frontier life and border warfare had imparted to those who had been alike ready to fight the other States in behalf of the Hampshire grants, and the rest of the world in behalf of the rights of the nation.

At the age of twenty he left the granite hills and the beautiful valleys of his native State to find a field of labor and the chances of fortune in the then far West. He brought little with him but energy, resolution, and that Puritan integrity natural to his race and unsullied through his life.

In the first flush of youth, hopeful, ambitious, undisciplined, he left the land of steady habits, settled customs, and a homogeneous people, to dwell in a region and among a people as unlike his own as could be found on the continent.

Michigan from 1612 to 1760 had been a part of New France, ruled, under French laws, by French governors, and in all respects a French people; from 1760 till 1787 under English governors and English laws; and till 1835 under various territorial governments.

In 1833 the whole population, French, English, and American, was about sixty thousand, and Detroit, the chief city and capital, less than ten thousand. To such a territory and city in 1833, at the age of twenty years, came ZACHARIAH CHANDLER to dwell among that mixed people thenceforward while he should live on earth.

I should love to linger over this transition period of his life, among the scenes and incidents and personages and events that molded and fashioned that tall, awkward, wondering, resolute White Mountain boy—then and before and afterward and always called Zach—into the merchant prince, the rich capitalist, the shrewd politician, the successful statesman, the unswerving patriot, and, better and nobler than all, the fearless advocate and bold defender of all the free institutions of his native land and of the rights and liberties of all the dwellers therein.

I would be gratified if I might embody in this grateful tribute to the memory of a friend with whom I have been familiar

for more than a third of a century some record of his hopes and ambitions, his thoughts and reflections, his plans and struggles, from the hour when he stood a stranger in the old-fashioned City of the Straits till that evening when, amid the shouts and applause of many thousand citizens of a wonderful city beyond the lakes, unnamed and unknown in those days of his early manhood, he retired weary and secretly stricken to his chamber, and when, alone—

> Nor wife, nor child,
> Nor one of all his myriad friends,
> To bid his parting soul farewell,

his great spirit quit the familiar scenes of earth, and through the upper air, still vibrating with the applause of those who had just listened to his last thrilling words, sought rest in the unknown realms of immortal life!

Mr. Speaker, we have all an inward consciousness that "*time* and *place* and *circumstance*" are but the common names of those mysterious powers and influences and agencies that rule within and around us, to mold and fashion our mortal life; that, under the Divine economy, our nature, ever strug gling with powers and principalities, with things seen and unseen, with right and wrong, with truth and error, with justice and oppression, is constantly and imperceptibly changed and fashioned and molded by all our earthly associations.

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.

In 1833, when this youthful wanderer made his home in Detroit, all was strange, and new, and wonderful. The quaint old city—the French *habitans*, gay, vivacious, exclusive; the old English families, proud, phlegmatic, reserved, not yet reconciled to their lost dominion; the remnants of Indian tribes whose fathers, if they did not themselves, remembered

Pontiac, and Bloody Run, and Brownstown, and Tecumseh, and Hull's surrender, and the Thames, and who traversed the trails and portages, and floated on the waters, and traveled over land once all their own, and who lingered continually about their favorite old home on the straits; hunters and trappers and fishermen gathered there; *voyageurs* who knew every coast and every portage to "far-off Athabasca" crowded the shores and loitered around in sad indolence as they heard the rushing sound of steam and saw the mysterious vessels that, without sail or paddle, usurped their dominion and occupation; sailors were there who had fought with Perry on the waters below; fur-traders who had brought thither their treasures from unknown mountains and plains; immigrants gathering from all the world; merchants from the interior and far-off West. But time would fail to give more than a passing glance at the scenes and associations into which our adventurer was plunged, and amidst which his character was to be formed, his energy to be tested, his triumph to be gained.

Amid such scenes he must, of course, be earnest, resolute, almost aggressive. He must be inquiring, thoughtful, decided. He must be just and honorable in all his intercourse with this varied and peculiar population. He must be fearless and uncringing with the supercilious, and haughty, affable, and cordial with his equals and friends, and bold in defense of the weak, else he would long since have gone down among the forgotten and unknown.

And, such, indeed were the elements of his character, predominating over all faults and foibles, illustrating many peculiarities, offensive to his opponents and sometimes incomprehensible to his friends.

I have not the time, on this occasion, to illustrate the different phases of his character from actual events in his life. His

honesty and personal integrity have never been assailed or questioned.

Never in the varied transactions of mercantile or commercial life has his good name been tarnished. In the fever heat of political warfare no charge of corruption has pointed to him.

There was a time in the late political contest when his pride and ambition and the crowning wish of his life looked to a return to his long-honored place in the Senate, when he was told secretly by an old and trusted friend that if he would give his influence to aid in securing a certain political appointment to a friend of one who could secure the result he could be elected. With one emphatic gesture, he replied: "I have lived among the people of Michigan for almost half a century an honest man, and I will never secure my election even by a promise which at another time I might be willing to make voluntarily."

Equally characteristic of the man was his celebrated letter to the governor of his State, so much criticised, so much approved—the blood-letting letter, so called.

He saw treason spreading through the land, poisoning the fountains of justice, invading the halls of legislation, threatening the free institutions of the country, selfish, unreasoning, inexorable, gathering forces for the conflict, already arming for the strife.

What should he, the watchman on the tower, say to his people? Let the Union be destroyed? Let the Constitution be shattered? Surrender ignobly the inheritance to treason and traitors? No. *War*, if it must come, *blood and life*, if necessary, *wealth* and *property* and comfort and long years of struggle, but this Union must and shall be preserved. No surrender to traitors! No yielding to timidity! No endurance of vacillation, either in court or camp!

He spared neither high nor low, neither the head of the Army nor the subaltern in the field. He had the great courage to attack alone the management of the campaign and to change commanders. The history of his labors through the war will never be written. They are only partially known to the country, and not fully even to his friends.

When the war was over he demanded the fruits of victory—submission to the Government, freedom in spirit and in fact to the enfranchised; absolute protection to the citizen in all legal and political rights wherever the flag floats; recognition of the fidelity and valor of Union soldiers; confidence and support to the Union men of the South; suppression of violence and anarchy and kukluxism; no recognition or payment of rebel claims for losses in the war.

On these and like subjects he could not be silent. He was not vindictive. He would not yield to injustice; but, looking upon the shattered hearth-stones, the maimed and suffering soldier, and the innumerable graves of patriot citizens, he demanded the results of victory, no more, no less, and that the great struggle should close the contest once and forever.

Mr. Speaker, the record of his life and character will be more fully made up by abler hands than mine. This time and place permit but a glance at a few of the characteristics of the man. I can but feebly echo the voice of ten thousand citizens of our mourning State in any expression of admiration for our departed statesman—of sorrow for his untimely death. In Michigan a million and a half of people are mourners. No party lines divide our citizens as we lay the tribute of respect upon his tomb. No citizen has died more universally known; none been attended to his last resting-place with more abounding sadness. The thousands who thronged the streets on the day of his funeral and endured the tempestuous winter storm

for hours unmoved, as the long cortege moved "with slow funereal tread" to his final resting-place, were but the representatives of millions throughout our land who cried as of old, "Know ye not that a great man hath fallen in Israel this day?"

Address of Mr. BRIGGS, of New Hampshire.

Mr. SPEAKER: ZACHARIAH CHANDLER was born in the district I have the honor to represent. Among my constituents are the friends and associates of his early life. His birthplace, in the beautiful valley of the Merrimac, is only a short distance from my own home. There his boyhood was spent, and there he came forth to fame and fortune. His boyhood gave promise of the great character which his manhood fulfilled. From very humble beginnings, by his own energy and force of character, he worked his way to the front rank of the statesmen of his country.

He adds another and most honorable name to the bright list of New Hampshire's illustrious sons. Proudly we bear the honor of his birth, and while his adopted State may be first, let New Hampshire be next at the memorial altar.

The Granite State believes in men like Senator CHANDLER. We believe in a statesmanship of positive ideas. Not only do we honor his political principles, but for his very nature we loved the man—for his open, generous, philanthropic nature; always exercising his great aggressive vigor against the wrong, always taking the part of the weak and oppressed.

An outline of his busy and eventful life has already been given by those who have preceded me, and I purpose only to offer a few suggestions on the character of the man whom we have met this day to honor. Of his abilities there can be but

one opinion. All the requisites of a great executive he certainly possessed—decision, method, energy, self-reliance. He was not merely a great executive; to his capacity as such was added that broader vision, that greater originality, in short, that statesmanship which belongs to great administrators. The executive need evolve only methods, the administrative measures. Tried by any theory, or measured by his own great success, Senator CHANDLER'S abilities lifted him to the dignity of a great administrator. This might rest alone upon his business success; it might rest upon his management of the Interior Department for the brief period he was at its head; it might rest upon his republican leadership of the last twenty years, a leadership that was more and more acknowledged until at his death it almost approached supremacy. This capacity for administration was shown in all these relations, and even in his legislative career it was this faculty which comes oftenest to the front. He possessed the qualities of a legislator of no mean or secondary order; he was invaluable in the committee, but he was not the less of consequence upon the floor of the Senate.

Trace the history of this country through a long and most memorable period, and constantly as you may see his hand in its measures you as constantly hear his voice in its debates. He was bold and aggressive; endowed by nature with that clearness of logic, that directness, intensity, and vigor of statement that rendered him no "unknown quantity" in debate. Any attempted analysis of his character seems superfluous, his every quality is so well known to the world. He has been prominently before the nation for a quarter of a century—an era, measured by its great achievements, unparalleled in the annals of mankind; all the while closely identified with the legislation of his country and with the leadership of a great

party which has done more for human liberty than any other known to history.

The one particular characteristic of the man was his strength. Other men were more finished. We have many finished men, but few really strong ones. He was a man whose every thought was strength, and with whom to think was to do. Strength of conviction, strength of purpose, strength of methods, strength of statement—these were his in a supreme degree. History will never lose the impress of his character.

He has been accused of a too zealous partisanship, but there is no warrant for this charge. True he was no "half-and-half"; there was no duplicity, no dissimulation in his composition. If he believed at all, it was with his whole great heart; and with his intensity of conviction he may have been wont to regard success as a duty; but his enemies, if such he had, will not accuse him of unworthy and dishonorable means.

His methods were bold, as they were vigorous. He struck hard, but he struck openly. Indeed his whole nature precluded suspicion. There were no dark or secret traits in his character. He did everything openly and above-board, and despised treachery, cant, and hypocrisy as only he had the scorn to despise them. With all his tremendous earnestness, he was yet a chivalrous and generous antagonist; generous as he was in all the relations of life.

His character was of the kind to which generosity constitutionally belonged, for his faults were only those which belong to the warmest natures.

Altogether he was one of those men who make history, and stamp their impress upon the age in which they live; a man whose fame is still destined to increase like that of every true statesman whose work is grounded in conviction.

History will rank him among the most eminent of those whose names are inseparably associated with the cause of human rights.

Time has already vindicated his prescient radicalism, and posterity will place him with the heralds who have gone before their fellows to proclaim a better day.

In the official career of Senator CHANDLER, from the beginning to the close of his public life, we have a realization of the poet's earnest prayer when he sang:

> God give us men; a time like this demands
> Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
> Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
> Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
> Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
> Men who can stand before a demagogue
> And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
> Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
> In public duty and in private thinking.

Address of Mr. BARBER, of Illinois.

Mr. SPEAKER: It did not occur to me that I should take part in these proceedings until the resolutions of the Senate were read in this Hall this afternoon. I rise now from a sense of duty. I should do injustice to my own feelings, and I am sure to the feelings of a very large number of the residents of the city I have the honor to represent in part on this floor, should I remain silent on this occasion. I come not, however, with any elaborate eulogy. My acquaintance with Senator CHANDLER was very brief. I saw him for the first time in March last, at the extra session. My contact with him was but slight. I cannot, therefore, speak of him either from long acquaintance or intimate relations. But it does so happen that the last great speech made by the Senator was delivered in the Con-

gressional district which I have the honor to represent. On the evening of the delivery of that speech I called upon him at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago. I had a cordial greeting—a long and a pleasant interview. As I recall his stalwart form, and bluff, hearty manner, I feel like exclaiming,

> And shall I see his face again,
> And shall I hear him speak?

I went with him to the hall, I sat upon the platform, I saw him face as fine a political audience as was ever assembled together, and I heard him deliver one of the grandest speeches ever uttered upon this continent. I shall not attempt to describe the enthusiasm of that occasion. Mr. CHANDLER had never spoken in this great city before, and he had informed one of his most intimate friends who was with him that he regarded it as the peculiar and crowning honor of his life that he had been invited to speak in the great commercial metropolis of the Northwest. He seemed to regard it as somewhat of a recognition of the position which he had at last reached in the estimation of this country. No man ever had a greater triumph. The great city of the lakes was never moved by an orator in that manner before. The echoes of that speech rung out through the Northwest like the clear, strong blast of a bugle.

I saw the Senator retire from that platform amid the thunders of applause and bearing on his brow the laurels he had won. He had given upon that occasion the most decisive evidence of oratorical power by the manner in which he moved and controlled that vast multitude assembled to hear him.

But, sir, the scene changes. On the morrow I stand by his cold and lifeless form.

> The present moment is our ain,
> The niest we never saw.

Mr. Speaker, as one of the escort I went with the remains of the distinguished dead to the city of Detroit. Amid the hush of his awe-stricken friends we laid him down. Illinois to Michigan delivered up the illustrious dead.

Mr. Speaker, among the patriotic names of this country that of Senator CHANDLER is written high up, where it may be read by all the ages. You cannot erase it without tearing from the records one of the most important chapters in the history of humanity. Glory to his memory! Peace to his ashes!

Address of Mr. GARFIELD, of Ohio.

Mr. CHAIRMAN: It cannot be too late, however late the hour, to pay our tribute of respect and affection to the memory of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

There is a thought in connection with his life and the history of his State which has been referred to by the gentleman from New Jersey [Mr. ROBESON], and which may be still further developed. It only lacks two years of being a full century since Lewis Cass was born, and he and ZACHARIAH CHANDLER have filled seventy-three years of that period with active, prominent public service. And through all those seventy-three years there has shone like a star in both their lives the influence of one great event.

In the stormy spring of 1861, when the foundations of the Republic trembled under the tread of assembling armies, I made a pilgrimage to the home of the venerable Lewis Cass, who had just laid down his great office as chief of the State Department, and for an hour I was a reverent listener to his words of wisdom. And in that conversation he gave me the thought which I wish to record. He said, "You remember,

young man, that the Constitution did not take effect until nine States had ratified it. My native State was the ninth. It hung a long time in doubtful scale whether nine would agree; but when at last New Hampshire ratified the Constitution, it was a day of great rejoicing. My mother held me, a little boy of six years, in her arms at a window and pointed me to a great man on horseback and to the bonfires that were blazing in the streets of Exeter, and told me that the horseman was General Washington and the people were celebrating the adoption of the Constitution." "So," said the aged statesman, "I saw the Constitution born, and I fear I may see it die."

He then traced briefly the singular story of his life. He said: "I crossed the Alleghany Mountains and settled in your State of Ohio one year before the beginning of this century. Fifty-four years ago now, I sat in the General Assembly of your State of Ohio. In 1807 I received from Thomas Jefferson a commission as United States marshal which I still preserve, and am probably the only man living to-day who bears a commission from Jefferson's hand." And so, running over the great retrospect of his life and saddened by bloody prospect that 1861 brought to his mind, said, "I have loved the Union ever since the light of that bonfire and the sight of General Washington greeted my eyes. I have given fifty-five years of my life and my best efforts to its preservation. I fear I am doomed to see it perish."

But a better fate awaited both him and the Union. Another son of New Hampshire took up the truncheon of power from his failing hand, and, with the vigor of youth and liberty, maintained and defended the Union through the years of its supremest peril. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, whose birthplace was not more than thirty miles distant from that of Lewis Cass, resumed the duty as Michigan's Senator with the vigor

of young and hopeful manhood. And he pushed forward that great work until his last hour and died in the full glory of its achievement. The State of New Hampshire may look upon this day and these names we celebrate as her pride and special glory.

The great Carlyle has said that the best gift God ever gave to man was an eye that could really see; and that only a few men were recipients of this gift. I venture to add that an equally rare and not less important gift is the courage to tell just what one sees. Besides having an eye, ZACHARIAH CHANDLER was endowed in an eminent degree with the courage to tell just what he saw.

If from these seats, Mr. Speaker, every Representative should speak out the very inmost thought of the people he represents, this Hall would be luminous with the spirit and aspirations of the American people. The ruling principle of Mr. CHANDLER'S life was this: that what he saw in public affairs he uttered; and having said it, stood by it—not with malice or arrogance, but with the sturdiness of thorough conviction. To a stranger he might, perhaps, appear rugged and harsh—even to cruelty; yet his heart was full of gentleness when he had satisfied his sense of duty.

As a political force Mr. CHANDLER may be classed among the Cyclopean figures of history. The Norsemen would enroll him as one of the heroes in the halls of Valhalla. They would associate him with Thor and his thunder hammer. The Romans would associate him with Vulcan and the forges of the Cyclops who made the earth tremble under the weight of his strokes.

What man have we known who, without specially cultivating the graces of oratory, was able to condense into ten minutes a more enduring speech than the one which he delivered at the

extra session of 1879? Under the pressure of his intense mind an hour of ordinary speech was condensed into a sentence.

He was not an orator in the ordinary sense of fine writing and graceful delivery; but in the clearness of his conceptions and the courage and force with which he uttered them he was a most remarkable speaker.

Somebody said long ago that "one man with a belief was a greater power than ten thousand who have only interests." Mr. CHANDLER was emphatically a man with a belief.

In the minds of most men the kingdom of opinion is divided into three territories—the territory of yes, the territory of no, and a broad, unexplored middle ground of doubt. That middle ground in the mind of Mr. CHANDLER was very narrow. Nearly all his territory was occupied by positive convictions. On most questions his mind was made up more completely than that of any man I have known.

His was an intense nature—

> Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love.

It is curious to observe that, as a general rule, long service in a legislative minority unfits men for the duties that devolve upon a majority. The business of the one is to attack, of the other to defend; of the one to tear down, of the other to build up.

The leaders of the anti-slavery struggle in this country were perhaps the most skillful in assault of any political party in our history. But when, after years of service in the minority, they came into power, but few of their prominent leaders were fit for the constructive work of maintaining an administration. Mr. CHANDLER was one of that small number who displayed in constructive legislation abilities fully equal to those which he exhibited as a member of the minority. His administration

of the Interior Department was an ample vindication of his high qualities as an executive officer.

This Congress will miss him in its councils. His party and his State will greatly miss him. I know he is sincerely mourned in my own State, where within three weeks of the hour of his death I had the honor to preside over the largest political assemblage I have seen in many years. The name of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER called together that great multitude, who sat at his feet and listened with reverence and enthusiasm.

Reviewing his life and summing up his qualities, we may fitly apply to him the words which the laureate of England applied to Wellington:

> O iron nerve, to true occasion true,
> O fallen at length, that tower of strength,
> Which stood foresquare to all the winds that blew.

Address of Mr. WILLITS, of Michigan.

Mr. SPEAKER: ZACHARIAH CHANDLER needs no eulogy to perpetuate his name in the State of Michigan; his nineteen years' service in the Senate of the United States is recorded in the annals of that distinguished body, and nothing that we can say to-day can add to or diminish his fame. His public like his private life was an active one and was well known and conspicuous from the first. March 4, 1857, he succeeded in the Senate of the United States a statesman long honored by the State of Michigan; who had taken a leading part in its early history, having been its territorial governor from 1813 to 1830; who had for four years been Secretary of War under Andrew Jackson, seven years minister to France under Jackson and Van Buren, the candidate of a great party for the office of Chief Executive of the nation, Senator of the United States, and finally Secretary of State under James Buchanan. It was

such a man as this ZACHARIAH CHANDLER succeeded; a man who had gathered to himself the honors of two continents, conferred dignity upon every position he had occupied, and for half a century had added leaf after leaf to the well-filled chaplet that had fallen so fittingly upon his brow. Lewis Cass was an honored name in the State of Michigan; it was a household word in the homes of the hardy pioneers who had followed him into the new State he had helped to found. Their children in like manner revered the man who had extinguished the Indian title to the lands they now occupied and had made a name historic in the annals of his country.

It was no whim that relegated Lewis Cass to private life. It was no accident that brought ZACHARIAH CHANDLER to the front instead. The people of the Peninsular State are not volatile or visionary, or forgetful of those who have shown themselves worthy of honor. There is none of the feeling exhibited by the Athenian clown, as related by Plutarch, who was tired of hearing Aristides everywhere called the Just. The State of Michigan was in no just sense unmindful of the great worth of Lewis Cass, and would have delighted to continue him in the high position he had so justly attained, if events had not conspired to render it impossible. With these events he had failed to keep himself fully abreast. There are times when public sentiment will not endure a political laggard. Lewis Cass, with all his breadth of intellect, with the experience of a statesman and the amenities of the finished scholar and gentleman, was not a positive man, was not an original man. Times were on the threshold when both of these qualities were to be needed. He was a true man at heart, loyal to his country, and so honest that, when at last he saw the fallacy of his position, he resigned his high place rather than compromise his fealty to the Union. But he was too old to fight, and he was unable to devise a plan

to still the waves of the rising revolution. He had to give way to a sentiment he had been slow to perceive and utterly unable to comprehend.

Among those who had been quick to perceive the logic of events was the man whom we honor to-day. He was selected by the people of the State of Michigan to succeed Lewis Cass; not because he had had large experience in political affairs, for he had had none; not because he had culture and refinement, for he had neither, as understood in the school or the drawing-room; not because he was learned in the law or skilled in the arts of diplomacy, for he was wont to boast that he cared for neither the abstruseness of the one nor the duplicity of the other; but he was selected because he was a strong, positive man who was in full sympathy with the revolt against the political tendencies of the party in power, and with which Lewis Cass had been identified for half a century; he was selected because he was a hearty hater of sham, an opponent of the compromises that had insidiously taken more than they had purported to give, and demanded more than the people of his State were disposed to yield; because, in the "irrepressible conflict" then impending, he was on the side of the liberty which the fathers had aspired to, but from which the sons had apostatized. In all these characteristics he was the representative of his people, who had the utmost confidence in his integrity, strong common sense, and positive adherence to the convictions born of this common sense.

From the advent of ZACHARIAH CHANDLER in the Senate of the United States to the end of his career, so unexpectedly terminated, he justified the confidence reposed in him. In the terrible conflict that convulsed the land he was an important factor, moving and controlling events and policies by the tremendous force of his will and the dictation of a restless en-

ergy. Untrammeled by the subtleties of the dialectician, he held in supreme contempt the faltering hesitation of generals and the doubting quibbles of lawyers in the face of an armed enemy. To him war had its own laws, construed by the supreme necessity of the hour and enforced by the musket; the road to essential justice was in a straight line, with no devious paths leading into an ambush. Emancipation of the negro race, prompt, decisive, by proclamation, presented to him no legal difficulties. He would utilize the force which might be let loose upon rebellion, and would for all time take from the master the slave for whose thraldom he had risen in arms against the Union; retributive justice should supplement unwarranted revolution.

He was restless over the delay of the proclamation, and when the preliminary one had been issued in September, 1862, he had none of the fears and doubts of the conservatives who protested against it as unconstitutional and sought to have it recalled. In the intervening months he visited Washington, before the final proclamation was issued, to counteract, by his presence and his positive views, the effort to have the step abandoned. On his return I met him at the depot, at my own home, and was informed exultingly: "Lincoln will stick." In all these years he seemed to comprehend by inspiration what some men never learned at all or acquired only by experience. He was not swept along by the tide; he was a component part of the tide itself—one of the forces of the times, one of the men who make history. Nevertheless, he was not much given to speech-making or formulating statutes. The records of Congress do not show for him as much, measured by the square foot, as for the long line of disputative spouters who have gone to the same graves as the speeches they made. He would never have devised the electoral commission; he could

not have done so if he would; but he supplemented it with organized facts without which its findings would have had altogether another termination.

He was a practical man not given to theories; not like Archimedes, who from principles elaborated in his study constructed his pulleys and engines, the one of which demolished the Roman fleet and played pitch and toss with the Roman ships, but rather like Marcellus, who in his practical way captured the unguarded tower which overlooked doomed Syracuse. He was a man of affairs. By his own exertions he made an independent fortune, of which he never stole a cent. No man ever charged him with larceny, or hypocrisy, or lukewarmness to a friend, or placability to a foe, or cowardly desertion of a conviction, or compromise of a principle. He was a generous fighter, who never fired a musket with hostile intent, and yet worthily earned the title of Michigan's great war Senator. Over this title no worthy soldier on the shores of the great lakes of the Northwest has ever been captious or envious. He was the soldiers' friend, and he divided with them the high esteem in which they held all the moving spirits in the great contest in which loyal men shed so much of their loyal blood. None have mourned his untimely death more than the heroes of that war, and when the news of his death was sent to the ends of the globe on the morning of the 1st day of November last, none bowed with a heartier sorrow over the memory of the man they revered than the men who had so faithfully in the field vindicated the policy advocated by the illustrious Senator in the councils of the nation.

When the sad news reached me, I was on my journey home from Chicago. I had parted with him the midnight before. I was the last man that saw Senator CHANDLER alive. I now and shall to my latest hour recall the room in the Grand

Pacific Hotel in which we had this last interview. The fire was burning low; the hotel was as silent as the grave in which he now lies; we were as much alone as if we sat by a solitary camp-fire in the pathless desert. After about twenty minutes' conversation I left him alone with Death stealing over the threshold of his room. I did not see him there, but is it my imagination that recalls footfalls as I passed along the silent, dimly-lighted corridors to my own room? As the recollection comes to me, it seems as though these echoes may have been the footfalls of the grim destroyer who so closely follows the steps of mortal man. I recollect now that there was a sense of something unsaid—what it was I cannot recall—that led me to stop and turn back as if to rap at his door and speak to him again, but knowing he was weary I refrained, and went my lonely way. I can hardly wish now that I had followed the impulse, for it is unlikely that my presence would have changed the purpose of that Providence that holds the issues of life and had then marked him for death; but who knows what parting word might have been said? Who knows but the impulse I had may have been only a response to one he himself had, and which had spoken to me as spirit talketh to spirit, calling for some word of sympathy, some kind remembrance? But he is gone, and I shall never know whether he called or not till we again meet face to face. Till then I can only join with the multitude of mourners in lamenting the great loss we all sustained in the loss of a great man, and in laying this last token upon his grave.

I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The question being taken on the resolutions, they were adopted unanimously, and in obedience to the second resolution the House (at six o'clock and twelve minutes p. m.) adjourned.

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